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J. FLANNIGAN, TRAMP, WAS FOUND GUILTY

Charged With Assault on 13-Year-Old Myra Kelley.

HOLY ROLLERS BEFORE GRAND JURY

And After Giving Their Side of the Eldred Riot Case for Over a Day This Body Found a Verdict of "Not a True Bill" and Put Costs on the Prosecutors—The Court News on Other Matters.

The regular term of criminal court opened on Monday afternoon with Hon. Joseph W. Bouton presiding, and on Wednesday Hon. W. C. Rice of Warren county came to assist him the balance of the week. J. J. Mooney of Bradford was appointed foreman of the grand jury.

J. Flannigan, the tramp who was accused of attempting to commit a criminal assault on Myra Keller, a little 13-year-old girl, was tried and found guilty in manner and form indicted. This is the case which the MINER fully reported at the time of the arrest of Flannigan at the Kelley home near Farmers Valley.

The case of the Gospel Workers, more commonly known as Holy Rollers, in which many leading citizens of Eldred were accused of inciting a riot at a camp meeting, the grand jury found "not a true bill and the prosecutors pay the costs." The case was taken before the grand jury at 10 a. m. yesterday and the incident closed at 11:15 this morning.

John Purone was found guilty of selling liquor in Hamilton township, without a license and was sentenced by Judge Bouton to pay a fine of $500, costs of prosecution and be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of three months.

An indictment against Harry Cohn, charging surety of the peace was quashed.

Owing to the non-appearance of the prosecutor, the case against Claude Miller, surety of the peace, was disposed of by quashing the indictment.

A decree of desolution was granted in the case of the Kane Electric Street railway.

Decrees of divorce were granted in the cases of Clara Smith vs Charles A. Smith and Anna M. Cornwell vs Floyd A. Cornwell.

William A. Snapp was awarded a subpoena in divorce.

The following committee to prepare resolutions on the death of Daniel W. Healy was appointed by Judge Bouton: R. B. Stone, F. P. Scoonmaker, F. D. Gallup, J. E. Mullin and James George.

The case of the commonwealth vs R. Edwards of Kane was tried and the defendent was acquitted. He had been charged with forgery, but the jury did not seem to believe the accusation and placed the costs on the prosecutor. Judge Bouton promptly set aside this part of the verdict and remitted the costs as placed.

The case of the Commonwealth against Thomas Welch, Bradford larceny, was also tried. The jury after being out 18 hours disagreed.

The grand jury, in the case of Leo Bannon, Bradford larceny charge found not a true bill.

A similar decision was arrived at by the grand jury in the case against T. Kerns, Smethport, charged with statutory larceny.

Fancy Dress Party.

At the last regular meeting, Thursday evening, Feb. 18, the members of Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, Order of the Eastern Star, gave a fancy dress party which was a great success in every way.

Despite the fact that there were several other entertainments on the same evening, the attendance was large and nearly all ages and races of people were represented and the characters were well taken, creating any amount of fun for all present.

The regular business attended to, the party indulged in the terpsicorean art until it was announced that refreshments were ready. The spread which was unusually good was hugely enjoyed because these Stars of the East are always hungry.

When the inner man was satisfied the various committees on entertainment were called upon for their stunts, which consisted of many highly amusing songs and recitations. So well pleased were all with this evening's entertainment that we have been informed that it will be repeated in the near future.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

Killed in Coasting Accident.

Thursday's Kane Republican says: The community was shocked yesterday afternoon to learn that Miss Jennie Bainbridge, a well known and dearly loved young lady of Kane, had met with a terrible accident which would probably result in her death.

As Miss Bainbridge, who has been a faithful employe of the Kane Steam Laundry Co, for about eight years, having charge of the ironing department, was returning to her work for the afternoon, she was struck by a young lad who was coasting on the sidewalk on Haines street, when she was crossing that street on Dawson. The boy was going at terrific speed, and the force of the collision threw Miss Bainbridge to the ground with great violence. Messrs. John O'Shea and Thos. Cavanaugh were in the vicinity and witnessed the accident. When they reached her side they found her unconscious. She was removed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, nearby.

Drs. Helmbach, Sweeney and Armstrong were called and upon examination found a cut upon the back of her head, and several minor injuries. These wounds were dressed, the cut requiring five stitches. As she still remained unconscious, Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane was called and it was found that an operation was necessary if her life was to be saved, as the skull was crushed and was pressing on her brain. She was removed to the Kane Summit hospital where the operation was performed, but she died at 10:50 last night.

Miss Bainbridge leaves to mourn her loss three brothers, J. H. Bainbridge, C. K. Bainbridge and F. Bainbridge, and three sisters, Mary E. and Lillian Bainbridge and Mrs. Paul Carey, all of whom are heartbroken over their great bereavement, and to them the Republican extends heartfelt sympathy.

Anti-Treating.

California has been in the limelight considerably lately on account of its freak legislation in regard to the Japanese, but there was one bill introduced there that deserves more than passing attention. It is a measure that prohibits at treating at bar-rooms of the city. It is contended by those back of the measure that the most effective way to create a better citizenship is to keep the youth from becoming habitual drunkards and that the prohibitions of the anti-treating bill will accomplish this measure.

It is seldom that a man will go into a bar-room and proceed to drink sufficiently to make him drunk. It is only when he meets congenial friends and one invitation to drink leads to another that a young man or possibly an old one, loses control of his will and indulges in more than is good for him.

The anti-treating bill would put a stop to the merry parties that originate on the spur of the moment and who proceed to make a tour of the bar-rooms each member taking his turn in buying a "round."

A DuBois citizen who at one time was urged to run for the legislature, was asked what would be his position on the local option question. He said he would not support a measure of that nature. He would go before the people on this question with a straight out declaration for an anti-treating bill, believing that this measure would bring about the desired results. It would not remove the evil that the temperance people are fighting, but it would certainly improve the situation to a marked degree.—Express.

If anti-treating laws were passed and enforced in this country they would do more to do away with the evils of strong drink than anything in the shape of a law that could be passed. It would be ten times as effective as any local option that can be framed up, because it would be a direct blow at the foundation of this evil.

Two Deaths at County Home.

J. M. Scott, aged about 75 years, died at the County Home on Thursday, Feb. 18, the cause of his death being paralysis. Mr. Scott formerly lived in Rixford until about a year ago when he was stricken with paralysis, which obliged him to seek aid from the county as he had no relatives who were able to assist him. He was a member of a Bradford burial association and this organization had his remains taken to that place for interment.

John Gustafson, aged 65 years, died at the County Home on Saturday, Feb. 20, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis which he suffered some time ago. He formerly lived on his farm near Kane, but after deeding it to his son, the son lost the property and the old gentleman and his wife were obliged to come to the County Home. Later the son committed suicide. Another son survives and resides in Kane. His remains were laid at rest in the County Home plot.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

News from Harrisburg.

A special to the Star Record dated Feb. 24, among other things says: Advocates of local option began to flock into Harrisburg this morning, all sections of the State being represented. The first evidence of their presence was the appearance on members' desks of hundreds of postal cards and numerous petitions for the passage of the bill. This afternoon a big mass meeting was held in Grace church as a rally preliminary to the hearing on the bill and several other meetings were organized as close to the capitol grounds as possible. The W. C. T. U. and other organizations were in charge. The big hearing on local option was held to-night in the hall of the house, and was addressed by many prominent speakers favoring this cause.

A very large number of bills were reported in the house this morning and this fact together with the large number of bills introduced and the present size of the calendar indicates that the house will work hard from this time until the end of the session.

Mr. Howard's bill proposes an amendment to the constitution to permit women to vote for school directors.

Two proposed constitutional amendments to permit the State to borrow for road improvement were introduced today, one for $50,000,000 and the other for $25,000,000.

A bill by Mr. McKean appropriates $25,000 to the Commonwealth Humane society. Other bills by McKean are to amend section 22 of the act of 1903, fixing the time when the county commissioners shall publish the annual statement of the county's business, and repealing the same section in the act of 1834.

Mr. Creasy introduced a bill to authorize street car companies to do an express business.

On motion of Mr. McClain seconded by Mr. Bentley (its author) the bill appropriating $4,000 for a legislative trip to the Taft inauguration was stricken from the calendar.

The personal cash ball bill defeated two weeks ago and reconsidered, was passed finally in the house.

The bill creating the office of county controller in counties of between 70,000 and 150,000 was defeated 78 to 88. The first bill to be killed by a majority vote in the negative.

"Lincoln."

The following from Comrade C. E. Harrington of Bradford was received too late for publication last week:

We saw his benign face, wet with tears, stained with suffocating clouds of dust, when legions of veterans from Petersburg and the Gulf hurried up the pikes of Columbia toward thundering guns of Gen. Early at Fort Stearns. We heard his "God bless my boys" and expressions of gratitude for timely arrival of mighty hosts from campaigns and battlefield. They swiftly moved toward a desperate enemy, sanguine of victory, with eyes of steel and cheeks of iron. We heard the shouts of countless voices when they beheld this, man of God on the wayside, alone, to greet the conquerors of Gen. Early; we heard the message of sorrow when cowardice and villiany struck down to his death the great emancipator, to whose memory the world now pays all honor for qualities divine, and soldiers wept like children. They revered him, loved him for his unalloyed manhood, strength, sincerity and sacrifice, for every element of character which can enter into the human organism which is Divine. Now the civilized world cherish his memory. When April buds were swelling, angels let fall from Heaven bitter tears; Sheridan's veterans convened in great squares, 'neat tattered flags, to hear formal announcement of the murder of Lincoln.

Time can never efface the funeral picture—harmony of solemn dirges voiced silent sorrow in eloquent words; long lines of men, in Sphinx-like silence, in ragged, rusty blue, from camp and 'bastles' continued campaigns, bowed heads in sincere grief; in the ominous quiet of fluttering flags, whispered saddest regrets. Sobbing winds murmured refrains of mourning; forest branches writhed with animate sympathy, mountain and meadow were alive in participation with us of this sacred service; when clouds were dispelled by glory of sunlight, which flooded the great concourse with a mighty benediction of indescribable splendor, mid many tinted skies, the sainted face of Lincoln seemed to be visible with smiles of commendation for our sorrow and reconciliation for his sacrifice. The murder of Lincoln was alike to the crucifixion of our Saviour, a martyr for his virtues and for the faults of others, but the Great God took him to himself in perfect triumph and eternal reward. His name on earth is immortal and his glory in eternity is forever and ever.

Wanted.

Two girls with black hair and blue eyes to learn the cut glass trade. Come at once.

SMETHPORT CUT GLASS CO.

Fresh oysters received every Tuesday and Friday at Model Restaurant. The best that can be bought in Baltimore.

CAPT. HASSETT OF OLEAN POLICE KILLED BY ROBBER

Crime Was Committed Early Sunday Morning in Hand-to-Hand Battle

BURGLAR DIED FROM HIS WOUNDS

Hassett Caught Crook at Work but Would Not let Him go even when Burglar Had Him Covered—Both Fatally Wounded in a Revolver Duel that Followed — Burglar Gave Name of N. H. Dressler and Was Game to the Finish.

In a hand-to-hand struggle early Sunday morning in the dimly lighted office of the Droney Lumber Company Nelson Dressler, a paroled burglar, shot and killed Police Capt. Timothy Hassett. Dressler was fatally shot himself, but with two bullets in his abdomen and a third in his thigh he managed to beat off two policemen who attempted to arrest him, and for a time eluded the police. Later in the day he was arrested at his room in the Olean House almost dead from loss of blood.

Dressler, subsequent investigation and his ante-mortem statement show, was on a robbing expedition in the Masonic Temple, making a pretty thorough job of it. He had been in the offices of Dr. Raub, Dr. Sweeney and Dr. Lewis, dentists in the building, taking such gold and dental tools as were convenient for transportation. Then he went to the office of the Prudence Gas Company and tried unsuccessfully to open the safe. From the gas office he went into the office of the Droney Lumber Company. This office adjoins the central office of the telephone company. Ruby Borst, night operator at the exchange, heard someone tumble a chair over in the lumber company's office and telephoned police headquarters that burglars might be in the place. It was then about 4 o'clock in the morning. Capt. Hassett responded to the alarm.

He found the lumber office door open. An electric arc outside threw the entrance into bright relief. Inside it was dark. Hassett stepped inside. Dressler heard him and hid behind the door. The only account of what occurred is that given by the burglar when he made an ante-mortem statement.

As the police captain got well inside the room Dressler stepped out and covered him with a drawn revolver.

"I've got the drop on you," he said, shoving the gun close to Hassett, "Now, there is no use anybody dying over this affair. You let up on me and I won't shoot."

Hassett, so the wounded burglar says, grabbed his gun wrist and tried to throw him. He begged the policeman to call it all off and let him make his escape. His finger slipped on the trigger, in the struggle, he says, and the gun went off, the bullet flying wild. Hassett drew his revolver and shot Dressler three times, the bullets plumping into his abdomen in one, two, three order. Then the burglar shot the police captain through the brain, killing him instantly.

Meanwhile Patrolmen Moses followed Capt. Hassett from headquarters and Patrolman Vollmer, attracted by the shooting, ran up to the Masonic Temple building. They arrived in the corridor as Dressler ran out of the lumber office. He saw Vollmer and opened fire. The policeman returned the fire. Dressler ran downstairs and met Moses at the foot. The policeman grabbed him, but, shot to pieces as he was, the desperate crook was more than a match for the officer. Out of the building and down the deserted street he ran, around the corner of Union street and over Sullivan Hill, where he doubled and got away from the pursuing officers.

The police notified surrounding towns to be on the lookout. They heard nothing until shortly before 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when word reached them that a wounded man was in his room at the Olean House. He was registered as N. H. Dressler of Pittsburg. Two hours after the shooting of the police captain he had limped into the hotel and gone to his room without a word to anybody.

Half a dozen policemen and deputies went to the man's room and found him in bed, weak from the loss of blood. He had bandaged his wounds in rough fashion, being afraid to send out for surgical attendance. Dressler was weak and expected to die. He was taken to the hospital.

"I'm all shot to ——," said he. "I'm all in. He plugged me three times and I begged him to let up. Then I gave it to him. It was an awful mixup. The fourth time his gun wouldn't go off and I got him. I he'd only called it off we both would be all right now."

Dressler made a statement expecting death awaited him. He said he had the drop on the police captain and tried to argue him into permitting escape but the officer pulled his gun and shot.

In Dressler's suit case were about $400 worth of dentists' gold, tools and a heavy cold chisel. It is supposed he was one of a gang of burglars who have made a specialty of dentists' offices in the towns of Western New York and Pennsylvania. Dressler was seen about town Saturday with two companions, spending money freely from a big roll of bills. The police are looking for his companions.

Dressler was 26 years old. His parents and a sister live in Berlin, Ont., it is said. In 1903 he was convicted of burglary there and sentenced to serve five years in Kingston. He was released on parole after serving about a year.

Hassett was 46 years old, a member of the Olean police department for 13 years and for 11 years captain. He was efficient and popular. He leaves a wife and seven children.

Nelson H. Dressler died from his wounds at the Olean hospital Tuesday at 7:30 a. m., from the effects of the two bullet wounds in his abdomen. The body, at the undertaker's, was viewed by many people. Tuesday evening the father of the dead burglar arrived from Berlin, Ontario, and took the remains home for burial. The name, "Dressler," appears to have been correct, although the fellow had worked under different aliases—one being "McFadden."

Ten Years in the Philippines.

Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, Vice-Governor of the Philippines, gives the Atlantic for February a terse reply to the familiar question: "What business has America in the Philippines?"

We have completed the separation of Church and State, buying out from the religious orders their large agricultural properties, which are now administered by the government for the benefit of the tenants.

We have put the finances on a sound and sensible basis.

We have established a complete new system of auditing and accounting.

We have placed our civil administration on a strictly self-supporting basis, receiving no aid whatever from the United States Government, except in so far as they have elected to help us in charting the coasts for naval purposes. This charting, which is being done at a rapid rate, is at the joint expense of the insular and national government.

We have established a uniform and stable currency on a gold basis.

We have established schools throughout the Archipelago, teaching upward of half a million children, and we find that the Filipinos are eager to learn and are rapidly learning the English language.

We have started a general and thorough system of road construction and maintenance, in which insular, provincial and municipal officials co-operate.

We have established the policy of constructing all public buildings, as well as bridges and wharves, of durable material, perfectly reinforced concrete, in order that our work may endure.

We have given the Filipinos almost complete autonomy in their municipalities.

We may not as yet have given independence to the Philippines, but we are certainly giving independence to the Filipinos.

Killed by His Daughter.

A dispatch from Winnipeg dated Feb 19, says: A weird tale of a young Indian girl's slaying her father to save his soul from perdition has been brought from the Lake Nipponag country.

Returning home after a long hunting trip an old Indian, Zeabe, by name, explained to his family that he had killed his best friend. Zeabe said that the homicide had taken place during a dispute over possession of some ox skins.

The murder so pried on the old Indian's mind that he was unable to rest. Believing that if he gave up his own life, his soul would be saved, Zeabe asked several acquaintances to kill him, but they refused. Going to his own home he placed an ax in the hand of his daughter, and commanded her to kill him. She at first declined, but finally consented. After her father had said good-bye the girl swung the ax, severing the neck from the body.

It was held by the police who investigated, that the killing was justifiable as the father threatened to take the lives of his two young sons if the daughter did not kill him.

All in the Family.

A strange domestic entanglement has developed in St. Joseph, Mo., following the probably fatal shooting of William Smith, a carpenter, over a comic valentine. Mrs. Cora Smith, who fired the shot at Smith, told the police that she was married to Smith, knowing that her mother was already his wife. The three have lived together for years, the man posing as the husband of both mother and daughter. The daughter, who is 23 years old, sent Smith a comic valentine. Smith became very angry when he received it, packed up his clothing and started to leave the house. Thinking he was going to desert her, the daughter-wife shot him.

The mother-wife says she was married to Smith secretly in 1902, and took her 15-year-old daughter by a former husband to live with her and Smith. A year after the marriage, she says, her daughter and Smith fell in love with each other and the mother made her husband marry her daughter without getting a divorce, thinking that no one knew of the former marriage.—Exchange.

OUR BIG FLEET RETURNS.

Fitting Celebration of the Event at Fortress Monroe, on Washington's Birthday.

Our big war fleet of sixteen vessels which in the past fourteen months has circumnavigated the globe, traveling 40,000 miles in seven different oceans and touching fifteen foreign countries, has returned without a mishap and the occasion was fittingly celebrated at Fortress Monroe, Va., on Monday.

The day of the fleet's home coming was cold and gray. A drizzling downpour of rain followed an early morning fog that threatened seriously to interfere with the arrangements for the entry and review.

Promptly at the hour set for their arrival, 11 a. m., a flash of red flame and a puff of white powder from the forward bridge of the Connecticut marked the beginning of the day of salutes which reverberated over the dancing waters of the roadstead with a continuous roar that suggested the din of actual battle. In addition to the salute fired several times in honor of the president and almost in the midst of the difficult manoeuvers of swinging the ships into anchorage position, a tribute to the father of his country was not forgotten. Exactly at noon, in unison with the cannon showing their muzzles over the crowded ramparts of Fortress Monroe, the fleet fired a salute of 21 guns, each ship letting go simultaneously. When the leading ships in the long straight line were visible when the flash of cannon from the flagship started the salute to the president's flag flying at the main of the Mayflower, the salute was caught up by every other vessel in the column. The roar of the cannon at the volley was deafening but the noise died away as the finish like distant thunder, the nearer ships finishing the toll of guns some moments before the echoes of the last shots by the trailing escort were heard.

In the matter of battleships it was the heaviest fleet ever gathered together under the flag.

Old Point Comfort never held such a throng as to-day and a strong detail of artillerymen from Fortress Monroe was required to keep the crowds from pushing those in the front ranks of the lines of spectators overboard into the sea.

Monday night the fleet, once more at home, rested in two long lines. The vessels were brilliantly illuminated during the evening, the outlines of their hulls, their masts and their towering funnels being painted in the brilliant fire electric bulbs against the black background of the night. Ashore the admirals and the captains of the fleet, together with two score more of officers, were guests at the annual banquet of the Navy League of the United States, the speakers being: Rear Admiral Sperry, who responded to the toast "The Fleet;" Captain John C. Fremont of the battleship Mississippi, whose subject was "The Modern Battleship;" Lieutenant Commander Ridley McLean, first ordinance officer, who spoke on "American Bluejackets," and Governor Claude A. Swanson of Virginia, John W. Weeks and Colonel Robert M. Thompson, whose toasts were "Welcome Home."

All of the ships will remain here for a week and at least one-half of the 25 vessels in the roadstead will remain until after the inauguration of Judge Taft.

President Roosevelt, in receiving Admiral Sperry and other officers of the fleet, said: "As a war machine, the fleet comes back in better shape than it went out. In addition, you, the officers and men of this formidable fighting force, have shown yourselves the best of all possible ambassadors and heralds of peace. Wherever you have landed you have borne yourselves so as to make us at home proud of being your countrymen. You have shown that the best type of fighting man of the sea knows how to appear to the utmost possible advantage when his business is to behave himself on shore and to make a good impression in a foreign land. We are proud of all the ships and all the men in this whole fleet, and we welcome you home to the country whose good repute among nations has been raised by what you have done."

Snow Goods for Sale

at rock bottom prices. One set surrey bob sleds; one set 3-seat bob sleighs; one set Dickey bobs with pole or shafts; three good 2nd-hand Portland cutters; five new Portland cutters; two handy business cutters.

We want the room those goods occupy and will make very close prices for quick delivery.

A. T. PALMER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Sheriff and the Chauffeur.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The farm gate creaked loudly, and Annie Jane hopped out of bed and ran to the window. Two triangular patches of light on the driveway, followed by a dark bulk, betrayed the arrival of an automobile. The voices of men raised in angry altercation floated through the open window.

"Oh, dear! He's caught another one," wailed Annie Jane sleepily as she lighted a candle and proceeded to brush her pretty brown hair.

The mirror reflected a lovely face, full of sweetness and modesty, with soft curves and enchanting dimples. "If mother was only at home to take turns with me!"

"Annie Jane!" bellowed a voice up the stairway. "You git dressed and come down. I got another one of them chawfers down here!"

"Coming, father," yawned Annie Jane, buttoning herself into a little pink frock she had worn that afternoon.

When she entered the kitchen her father was sitting on a corner of the table fussing with an old fashioned revolver. Beside him was a shotgun.

Every separate snowy whisker of the sheriff bristled with hostility when he glanced toward the lawbreaker whom he had captured.

The unhappy prisoner was lounging, his chair tilted back against the wall. He was also smoking a cigarette and eying his warlike captor with good natured tolerance. He jumped to his feet when he saw Annie Jane, and the cigarette performed a parabola into the coal scuttle.

"Sit down!" roared Peter Lamson. "I reckon you don't realize you're a prisoner, young man! Now, Annie Jane," he added, turning to the girl, "I'm going over to get the justice and have him—"

"You better let me take you over in my car," interrupted the prisoner eagerly.

The sheriff glared at him wrathfully. "Yes, and when you get me out in the road you'll run away with me just as a chawfer did with a sheriff down Scrooge way! As I said, Annie Jane," he continued, turning his broad back on the prisoner and addressing his daughter, "I'm going to ride over to Justice Wainwright's and get him to come over. If he ain't to home, I'll get Smith. And I counted Wainwright to know I'm looking after things—"

"Oh, I—" cried the prisoner, [illegible] from An[illegible] "I—"

"You keep still, young feller!" thundered Peter Lamson, unbending his figure to its full height. "Now, you understand that, whatever you say will be used agin you! Do you march into that pantry, double quick!"

The chauffeur measured the sheriff with a calculating eye. At the end of a minute his gaze encountered Annie Jane's appealing glance. Then he bowed his head and disappeared within the dark pantry.

The sheriff slammed the door, locked it and hung the key on a convenient nail. Then he opened a sliding door in the wall of the pantry.

"Now, Annie Jane, you set here in front of the little door, and if that chawfer tries to get out do you use this weapon on him! Better aim for his feet. That'll stop him quicker'n anything else." He thrust the revolver into his daughter's reluctant grasp.

"You know I'm afraid of firearms, father!" cried Annie Jane timorously. "I couldn't shoot it off."

Peter Lamson bent his head until his white whiskers brushed Annie Jane's pink ear. "It ain't loaded," he whispered hoarsely. Then, with an elaborate wink at the girl, he left the room.

Five minutes later Annie Jane, crouched in the Boston rocker, facing the pantry, heard the rattle of wheels as her father rode out of the gate. Just then a tall clock in the corner chimed 12.

"Put the revolver on the table if you are afraid of it; I won't try to escape," said a reassuring voice from the pantry. Framed in the opening was the good looking face of the prisoner.

"If you'll promise," said Annie Jane relievedly. She placed the weapon on the table and resumed her seat.

"Father is very—very conscientious," she murmured apologetically.

There was a distinct chuckle from the pantry. "I have noticed that," remarked the chauffeur dryly.

"Father has only been a sheriff since the first of the month," she further explained. "You know there is a signboard down the road which says that motorists must slow down to ten miles and—"

"I'm aware of it. That's what happened to me!"

"It happens to so many of them," sighed Annie Jane. "And then father catches them and they are so rude. Some of them offer money to let them go again. They offer bribes."

The prisoner blushed hotly under the scorn in Annie Jane's voice.

"What did father say when you tried to bribe him?" she asked demurely.

"He said—he said he was the only sheriff in the county that couldn't be bought," said the prisoner soberly.

Annie Jane nodded. "Father is like that," she said simply. "He sought the appointment because he believed that he had the moral courage to refuse a bribe. Our new justice, Mr. Wainwright, says the lives of the people in this community shall not be endangered by the reckless driving of autoists. He says they shall observe the law! We have never seen Mr. Wainwright, but father says he's the right man in the right place."

The prisoner smiled somewhat grimly.

"Of course you look at it from another point of view," said Annie Jane courteously. "I hope your employer will—will pay the fine."

"Thank you," said the prisoner gently.

There was a long silence after that, broken now and then by the dropping of a coal into the grate of the cooking stove. Annie Jane was observing the leathern cap and goggles and huge fur coat flung across a chair. Somehow, the prisoner in the pantry did not seem to be like the majority of motorists whom the considerate sheriff captured in the night watches.

As a rule, the prisoners were dusty and grimy, with oily hands blackened and discolored. They were of every nationality and temperament, but one and all concurred in that they were unjustly detained.

This young man, however, had a clean cut, clever face, with a determined jaw and keen blue eyes. He was an American; his hands were brown and strong and well kept. Annie Jane liked good hands.

Suddenly she uttered a little shriek and tucked her feet under her ruffled skirts.

The prisoner shifted his gaze from her charming face to the bright rag carpet. "What is the matter?" he queried.

"Such a horrid rat!" quavered Annie Jane, pointing to where a small, gray body slid along the floor.

"Give me the revolver and I'll put him," he suggested eagerly.

"No, oh, no; I can't let you out," sobbed Annie Jane hysterically.

"Nonsense! I'm not going to have you frightened to death," retorted the prisoner authoritatively.

"I am afraid of it—but I promised to keep you locked up. I cannot break my word," murmured Annie Jane, with an attempt at valor.

Once when she was a little child a rat had bitten her hand, and since then the mere sight of one would send her into hysterics.

The chauffeur looked at her face, from which every trace of color had fled, and, with a muttered exclamation, he turned away from the little opening.

A minute later came the sound of a window being raised, and presently the prisoner walked into the room through the back door. Without a word he seized a poker. There was a rush of steps, a sharp squeak and then silence. The door opened and closed.

The chauffeur washed his hands at the sink. "I shall return to the pantry now," he began; when the outer door opened again and the harsh voice of the sheriff boomed through the house.

Annie Jane sprang to her feet whiter, if possible, than before.

"He's locked in the pantry, Justice, and Annie Jane's been a-watching him!" said Peter Lamson triumphantly.

Mr. Justice Smith, stout, rosy and jovial, whom he had been aroused from his bed, entered the room in advance of the sheriff, and his genial glance alighted on the prisoner, who was calmly drying his hands on the roller towel.

"Hello, Wainwright!" he cried. "So you got here after all. Lamson says he went over to your place, but your servants said you were out in the machine—chasing scorchers, I suppose! Now, Miss Annie Jane, have out the prisoner, and we'll each land him a heavy fine, eh, Wainwright?"

Justice Wainwright swept the room in a keen glance that noted Peter Lamson's chagrined face and the pitiful entreaty in Annie Jane's eyes.

"Sorry, sheriff. It's all my fault, but your prisoner has escaped," he said carelessly.

"Shucks!" exploded Peter Lamson, with sincere relief.

"Your treat, sheriff," laughed Smith comfortably. "Let it be some of that old russet cider. I'll go down with you and hold the lamp."

When the discomfited sheriff had preceded Smith down the cellar stairs, the late prisoner approached Annie Jane, who stood disconsolately before the stove.

"You were very kind, indeed, Mr. Wainwright," she stammered with embarrassment, "I know father will be hurt and mortified to realize he has made such a blunder—that he treated you so unkindly."

"You were very kind to the prisoner, Miss Annie Jane," said the justice, with a tender note in his pleasant voice. "Under those circumstances it was very strange that he should try to escape, wasn't it?"

Annie Jane's eyes dropped before the warmth in his gaze, but she made no reply.

"I don't believe—he escaped, after all," mused Wainwright thoughtfully.

And subsequently it was proved that he did not.

Sarcastic.

Hubert Henry Davies, the playwright who spent much time in London, told of an amusing interview between the owner of a publication in the British capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw had been the dramatic critic, and Max Beerbohm on the occasion of the latter's assumption of the duties laid down by G. B. S.

The owner advised Max of the salary that had been paid George Bernard, observing at the same time:

"Being comparatively inexperienced, you, Mr. Beerbohm, cannot, of course, expect so much."

"Oh, yes, I shall!" hastily interposed Max. "Indeed, I shall expect more. Shaw knows the drama so thoroughly that it is an easy matter for him to write it, whereas I, knowing nothing whatever about it, shall find it dreadfully hard work."—Harper's Weekly.

Ignorant, but Careful.

"Ignorance nearly always makes fools of us," said a lecturer. "I remember a man, ignorant of etiquette, who once sat beside me at a public dinner. I noticed that this man, as soon as he was seated, took up one by one the knives at the right of his plate and began to try their edges on his thumb. A waiter behind him leaned forward and said in a hurt tone:

"'The knives are all sharp, sir.'

"'The point is,' said my neighbor, 'I'm looking for a blunt one. Last time I attended a banquet here I cut my mouth.'"

A Real Tumbler.

"I saw a goblet today made of bone."

"Pshaw! I saw a tumbler made of flesh and blood last night."

"Where?"

"At the circus."

Of noise aloha is born the inward sense of silence, and from action springs alone the inward knowledge of true love and faith.—MacDonald.

Blue coral, which is the most precious kind, is obtained in the bay of Benin

BEETHOVEN AND BUSINESS.

Selling His Music Was Distasteful to the Great Composer.

An extremely interesting article which has appeared in a German musical and theatrical paper under the above heading contains the following statement, says a London exchange: Beethoven never bargained in the ordinary way. His fees for a composition were demanded briefly and in a decided manner, and he always pointed out when mentioning a price that he meant guineas and not sovereigns, or, rather, their equivalent in Austrian coin. In 1801 he wrote to a music firm at Leipzig: "Now the unpalatable business part is done with. I wish things could be managed differently in this world. There should be only one music publisher to whom the artist might take his work, knowing that he might ask a fee according to his requirements. As it is, we have to be partly a tradesman. Good heavens, how different and unpalatable this is!" But this pious wish was never fulfilled, and Beethoven had to remain "half a tradesman" to the end.

As a suggestion of how dedications are occasionally made, the following letter, which Beethoven wrote to the same publisher in 1802 from Vienna, is interesting:

"The lady in question can have a sonata, and I will do my best to carry out her aesthetic ideas. The price is 5 guineas (ducatens, and for this she may retain the sonata for a year as her private property, but not for publication. At the end of the year the sonata becomes my property—that is to say, I have the right to publish it, and if she thinks it an honor she may ask to have the work dedicated to her."

This, from the business point of view of the lady in question, is surely a tempting offer. At least, so the art patroness of today would think if she had a chance of suggesting to a Beethoven the "aesthetic idea" for a sonata, to retain such a treasure in her own hands for a twelvemonth and thereafter have it dedicated to her—and all for 5 guineas!

The Proper Word.

Benjamin Orde, the small son of the boxkeeper, Ruth, aged seven, committed an unpardonable assault on the King's English, but the seventy-five other persons living in that apartment house would swear that she chose the proper word. Ruth's comment concerned the vocal gymnastics of a lady who was featuring a song.

"She is having her voice difficulted," said Ruth, and every one of the seventy-five nerve-racked neighbors echoed, "She is!"—New York Times.

A Present.

"That's a very fine purse you have, Henry."

"Yes. My wife gave it to me on my birthday."

"Indeed! Anything in it?"

"Yes; the bill for the purse."

One Exception.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.

Turn thyself to the true riches and learn to be content with little.—Seneca.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Mrs. Elmer Lamb is confined to her home by illness.

—See change in H. W. Rubin's advertisement this week.

—New white waists are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—The Psalm of Life is continued this week. It is clever. Don't fail to read it.

—The number of empty houses in town should have a tendency to reduce rents.

—Mrs. Henry L. McCoy entertained about thirty guests at her home on West Main street Monday afternoon at bridge whist.

—There will be a pound social held at the Union church, East Smethport, Friday, Feb. 26. An entertainment and a good 10-cent supper afterwards.

—The fire bell recently purchased for Port Allegany is causing considerable trouble. Even the Argus has resorted to poetry to put it out of business.

—W. H. Gallup, manager of the Lindholm Co. store, gave a spread for his assistants last Friday night. The refreshments were unusually good and all report an excellent time.

—George Schroth narrowly averted a runaway on Monday. He was driving Andorfer & Lyle's delivery wagon down Main street when the whiffletree broke, letting the thills dowg about the horse's legs. His timely action saved a smash-up.

—The Mrs. Della Bellamy farm of 125 acres, located one-half mile from Belmont, N. Y., was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency to William Morehouse of Belmont, who will take possession March 1. Nine cows were included in the trade.

—The dental office of Dr. A. McAlpin, located upstairs at No. 18 Kennedy street, was robbed sometime during Saturday night, and gold and other materials used in dental work and money were stolen. Dr. McAlpin estimates his loss at about $50. The thief used a chisel with which he pried open the door at the top of the stairs. Inside, he pulled down the shade at the rear window and then ransacked the office. The Olean robber may have had something to do with this burglary.—Bradford Era. Mr. [illegible]lpin is the father of [illegible] of this place.

—Another big gas well was struck on the Keelor lease this week. It is said to be good for 2,000,000 feet per day.

—Six members of P. H. Adams' family of Erie were sent to Pasteur institute in New York on Monday, all being subject to "dumb rabbies."

—Married, by the Rev. W. A. Harris on Monday evening, Feb. 22, 1909, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in this borough, Mr. Joseph Dellroy Winner and Miss Sarah Dellmatta Yoder, both of Williamsport.

—A correspondent says:— I think it a shame that Sunday hunting is not stopped on Marvin creek. A certain party living here is very bold about taking his dogs and gun out Sunday mornings and spending the day in the woods. Some Smethport parties usually join him.

—The body of William Dalmage of Carrollton was brought here for burial on Thursday, Feb. 18th. The family home is at Carrollton, N. Y., where Mr. Dalmage died on Tuesday, Feb. 16th, at the age of about 60 years. He left no immediate family except a wife. He lived in this vicinity years ago.

—Mrs. J. S. Hodges of Annin Creek died at her home Tuesday, Feb. 16th, at 9 o'clock a. m. Mrs. Hodges underwent an operation in a Buffalo hospital last December, when several cancerous growths were removed from her side and it was thought she was doing well until a few days before her death. The funeral was held at the home of the deceased and was attended by a large circle of relatives and friends, Rev. Miller of Turtle Point officiating. Mrs. Hodges was 62 years old and was a member of the M. E. church at Portville, where she resided before she married Mr. Hodges nearly four years ago. She leaves a husband, two daughters, Miss Gertrude Holcomb and Mrs. William Finch of Olean, and three sons, Ralph Holcomb of Ohio, Martin Holcomb of West Virginia and Glenn Holcomb who is an officer on one of the ships of the Atlantic fleet, besides a large number of other relatives. The interment took place in the Annin Creek cemetery.

This is just the time of year when you are most likely to have kidney or bladder trouble, with rheumatism and rheumatic pains, caused by weak kidneys. Delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and be sure you get what you ask for. They are the best pills made for backache, weak back urinary disorders, inflamation of the bladder, etc. They are antiseptic and act promptly. We sell and recommend them. H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

A Good Qualification.

The mystery of the negro mind is illustrated by a story which the Philadelphia Record prints. John, the colored applicant for the post of butler in a family living in one of the fashionable suburbs of Philadelphia, strove to impress his would be employer with his entire fitness for the place.

"Oh, yes, suh," he said, "I'a sholy well educated, suh. I'a passed a civil service examination."

"Indeed," responded the gentleman, "that is very fine, I'm sure, but I can't say that that will be of any particular value to me in a butler."

"No?" said the surprised applicant. "It shore is strange how gemmen's tastes do differ. Now, Mr. Williams," naming his former employer, "he sly, 'John, one thing I deman' is civil service to mah guests,' an' he done gave me a zumination at' there, suh, an' that's the truf."

Then the gentleman saw a great light. He replied:

"Yes, you are quite right, John. Civil service is a very important and rather unusual virtue, so if you have passed that examination I think we'll consider you engaged."

A Mogul Hero.

Here is a little vignette of Babar, the first of the great moguls. At eleven he succeeded to his kingdom of Ferghana. His father was accidentally killed, and "I," says the boy, "immediately mounted in great haste and, taking such followers as were at hand, set out to secure my throne!" He succeeded in holding it, nearly lost it by trusting a traitor who was "the best player at leapfrog he had ever seen" and actually lost it by grasping at the possession of Samarkand. Then came two years of wandering. Then he got Ferghana again and lost it a second time by trying to make his Mongol soldiers restore their loot to the peasantry. And all this before he was seventeen! Thirty-two years later he died, the last scene being the most striking of all. His darling son Humayun was desperately ill. Only some great sacrifice could save him, said the doctor. He entered the chamber, walked round the bed three times, saying, "On me be thy suffering," and a few days afterward died.—London Spectator.

The Dogskin Wouldn't Go Round.

Hungary swarms with barristers. It is the greatest ambition of the Hungarian peasant to make one of his sons an advocate.

The son of a small farmer in the neighborhood of Budapest was sent by his father to the law school of that town, but either from lack of parts or the necessary application he was plucked in the qualifying examination.

Not daring to return to the paternal abode empty handed after all the money that had been spent on his education, he conceived and executed the plan of forging a legal diploma. The father was not, however, so ignorant as not to be aware that such diplomas are always written on parchment—kutya-ber (dogskin)—in Hungary.

"Why is your certificate not made out on kutya-ber?" asked the old man.

"The fact is, father," coolly replied the youth, "there are more barristers than dogs in Hungary, and so there is not enough kutya-ber to make diplomas for us all."—London Answers.

Gam's Dry Humor.

When the gallant Welsh captain David Gam was sent forward by Henry V. to reconnoiter the French army before the battle of Agincourt he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt an inch taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equaled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.—London Standard.

Distilled Water.

Distilled water after having been exposed to the air is one of the most salubrious of drinks. Its daily use in measured quantities is helpful in cases of dyspepsia and greatly assists the general functions of the body. Every large steamer carries a water distilling apparatus by which sea water is made fresh. In the days before steamers primitive distilling apparatus was used on warships and vessels carrying passengers.

A Postal Deficit.

"Pa, what is meant by the postal deficit?"

"The things your mother always forgets to put on a postal card."—Detroit Free Press.

Sleepless.

Blobbs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobbs—What! And run up more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep.

Wanted Full Credit.

"Now, my little man, you are accused of striking another boy and knocking out one of his teeth."

"'Scuse me, jedge, two of his teeth."—Life.

When He Enjoys Home.

"Does your husband enjoy his home?"

"Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

Venezuela received its name from the early Spanish residents, who saw in it a resemblance to Venice.

EMIL THAMM,

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Hotel Grafters.

The proprietor of one of the largest hotels in New York, speaking of the use made by nonpaying customers of his house, said to a rural guest a few days ago: "We have a large number of patrons from whom we never collect a cent, although we have no such thing as a free list. They come here in the morning, pick up a castoff paper, which they read, keeping an eye open for another, which they grab as soon as it is dropped. After reading awhile they stand at the ticker, often giving long lectures to their fellows on financial conditions and stock possibilities. The overcoat becomes burdensome, and it is taken to the check room, where its owner knows it will be perfectly safe. Then, if they can tear themselves from the ticker, letters are written on our stationery. They do not use our telephones because we charge an extra 5 cents for the call, but they carry home matches, toothpicks, blank cards and blotters and use up the soap in our lavatories. They also take generous nibbles of the cheese and crackers in the cafe. The strangest part of all is this—that the majority of this class are well to do and highly respectable, and on that account we do not shut them out."—New York Tribune.

The Sleeping Sickness.

The terrible sleeping sickness of tropical Africa is discussed at length in an article in Popular Mechanics. The disease, which long baffled scientists, is spread by the tsetse fly, a bloodsucking, day flying insect. On the approach of either man or animal at a river crossing in the densest forest the victim is soon scented out by the fly. If there is one in the vicinity, and then, either silently or with a peevish buzz, it makes straight for the most accessible spot and gives its sting. The usual course of the disease is from four to eight months. At the outset there are headache, a feverish condition, lassitude and a corresponding disinclination to work. The facial aspect changes, and a previously happy and intelligent looking negro becomes instead dull, heavy and apathetic. Later, tremor in the tongue develops, speech is uncertain, and mumbling walk shuffling and progressive weakness, drowsiness and oblivion to his surroundings inflict the sufferer. The last stage is marked by extreme emaciation and a coma deepening into death.

Cause of Fatty Heart.

The great danger from obesity lies in the liability of the fat to invade the cellular elements of the body, especially the muscles. This produces fatty degeneration of the muscular tissues, which greatly weakens and impairs their functional activity. When the fat invades the tissues of the heart muscles the disease known as "fatty degeneration of the heart" results, and the patient is in serious danger. Whenever a slight additional strain upon the circulation results from undue exercise, excitement or other cause the muscles interfere with the heart's action, and it is liable to cease beating. Anaemia and hysteria often are accompaniments of obesity. Because of the increased weight and difficulty of moving about such patients are prevented from taking an ordinary amount of exercise. Often, too, there are a lassitude and a positive dislike for muscular exertion of any kind.—What to Eat.

From Medicine to the Drama.

The earlier part of Victorien Sardou's career was beset with many trials and difficulties. His parents wished him to take up a medical career, and he began his studies with some zeal. The love of the drama, however, was far greater than the love of the pill box, and in the interval of the other work Sardou was busy upon a play. Life was a struggle for him, for he had little money, though he managed to get journalistic work to supplement his more slender income. His first play was a failure, and Sardou rushed from the theater vowing never to enter one again. He fell seriously ill, was nursed back to health by Mlle. de Brecourt, an actress who lived on a floor below, and from that time his fortune was made.

A Friend in Need.

About half an hour had been expended by the bashful young man in a series of advances and retreats, and little Johnny's cramped position behind the sofa was becoming somewhat painful.

"I wish I dared"— the young man commenced on a new attack, when the couple were electrified by an impatient exclamation behind them: "Aw, make a break! She's dead easy!"—Brooklyn Life.

Literary Irrigation.

"Your latest novel seems very dry," said the reader of the publishing house to the young but rising author.

"I was pretty sure you would say that," rejoined the author. "Consequently if you will count them you will find the heroine weeps real tears on just 253 pages of my story."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Inconsistent.

Howell—Rowell is an inconsistent fellow. Powell—That's right; he would tell you take all the time you wanted and then have you arrested for stealing his watch.—New York Press.

Public Opinion.

The single snowflake—who cares for it? But a whole day of snowflakes—who does not care for that? Private opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.

Wolfskin makes the best banjo parchment.

A Life Note.

"Life is what we make it," said the philosopher.

"Alas," exclaimed the practical one, "that we can't make it a million!"

We ask Providence to make us thankful for what we receive and then go to figuring on just how much Providence is going to send us.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cause of Car Sickness.

W. A. Wood attributes car sickness to the nystagmus produced by looking out of the car windows. Look out of a car window and observe how rapidly the telegraph poles flit by. Each one is seen and involuntarily followed by the eye until it is opposite, when the eye shifts to the one following. This is true of near buildings. Objects farther away seem to move slower, and those very far off seem to be almost stationary until the whole landscape appears to be revolving round a common center. The unconscious effort to take in everything produces a rapid lateral oscillation of the eyeballs, as any one can observe by watching the eyes of his fellow passengers. The eye strain is enormous and is the chief factor in producing car sickness. This can be proved by asking a patient who is subject to car sickness to look steadily at a mirror which is moved rapidly to and fro or tilted backward and forward. He will immediately complain of nausea and vertigo. The treatment consists of advising the patient to avoid looking out of the car windows and in giving him a grain of citrated caffeine shortly before he takes the cars and repeating it every hour as long as there is any tendency to be sick. The author has been enabled by this procedure to relieve many sufferers from car sickness.—New York Medical Journal.

The Ship's Bell Clock.

In its most ordinary form the ship's bell clock is a stout, well made clock, a good timekeeper, contained in a round nickel plated case six or seven inches in diameter which is mounted on a board that can be hung on or screwed to a wall or bulkhead. The face of the clock, the dial, is of finished steel, and its pointers are of blued steel, so that, with its nickeled case the whole clock has a metallic, solid, serviceable look.

Attached to a projection of the board upon which the clock is placed, outside the clock and immediately below it, is the clock's gong, with the hammers—there are two of them—brought down into it on arms extending through an opening in the clock's case and striking on the gong's inner side. It is a sturdy gong two or three inches in diameter, and it sounds with a strong, clear, resolute note when the hammer strikes it. On this clock's face you can tell the time in the usual way, but the hours are struck as they are at sea on a ship's bell.—New York Sun.

Fresh.

There was no doubt about it. He was very angry when he entered the village grocery store and demanded to see the proprietor.

"You sold my wife some eggs yesterday, Mr. Peavey," he said when the grocer appeared.

"Waal, yes," said Mr. Peavey genially, "believe I did."

"And you told her that they were fresh eggs," continued the visitor.

"Waal, yes; it seems to me I did," said Mr. Peavey.

"But, see here, Peavey, you had no business to say they were fresh eggs."

"Why not? I bought 'em for fresh—from Si Wiley too."

"I don't believe it. Si Wiley's an honest man."

"Waal, Si said it all right. He come in here with his basket full of 'em and put 'em down on the counter and traded 'em off for a box of sody biscuits."

"When was this?"

"Oh, I dunno. 'Bout six weeks ago, I guess."—Baltimore American.

The Sleepless Seven.

"There were seven of the twelve," said one of the discharged jurors in speaking of the matter next morning, "who didn't want to sleep themselves and wouldn't let the rest of us sleep. Whenever we dropped into a doze they came around and shook us till we were wide awake again."

"And you had to submit, I suppose, for they constituted the majority?"

"Yes. They were a rousing majority," said the hollow eyed juror, with a pensive attempt to be facetious.—Chicago Tribune.

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It Will Cost Only One Cent.

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The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1909.

IT is reported that over 500 persons have perished in a blizzard which recently swept over South Russia.

A TRAIN filled with passengers on their way to greet the home coming of the great fleet was wrecked on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Delmar, Del., Monday morning, when two locomotives collided. Seven people were killed and several more or less injured. Princess Trixie, the famous educated trick horse was also killed in this wreck.

IN New York City the fire commissioner will refuse permits to sell fireworks between June 1 and July 10 next. This is done with the intention of saving both lives and property. And in several states attempts are being made to legislate against the sale of fireworks, which claim so many victims every year. If this life-protecting legislation along these lines continues, a great burden will fall on the "fool-killer."

UNCLE JOE CANNON is getting mellow in his old age. He is willing to let the members have one day a week in which they can be recognized by the mere fact of addressing the speaker, says the Inquirer. Heretofore he has been blind to everything but a pre-arranged schedule of speakers, and members with pet bills have gnashed their teeth and at last reached the revolutionary standpoint. Then the sly old czar came down.

A PETITION over a mile long and signed by 178,000 voters has gone to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, protesting against the passage of the local option bill now before the legislative bodies of the State. The petition was made up of four petitions, measuring two feet in diameter, when rolled. Placed end to end the petition would stretch a mile and a quarter. The signatures were collected by the Allied Manufacturers' and Dealers' association. This association is not directly interested in the liquor traffic.

THE tariff problem is largely a local question. People whose local interests demand protection are protectionists. If raw material of certain kinds is scarce in that section they would have the tariff removed from such commodities as are desired. Thus the matter affects each district in a way peculiar to that district. And this fact lifts the entire question out of partisan politics and makes it one of expediency in a business sense. For that and many other reasons the tariff should be removed entirely from partisan clamor and so adjusted by experts that the greatest good will be forthcoming for the greatest number.—Elm.

NOWHERE except, perhaps, in Corsica, or Sicily are murderers so leniently treated as in America. Human life has become an exceedingly cheap commodity in this country, which in so many other respects is a leader in enlightenment and civilization. Too few murderers are punished. Kill and go free has come to be a most unfortunate rule. Take a human life on any flimsy pretext set up a still more flimsy wall of insanity or self-defense, get expert testimony on brain storms to confuse the jury, and the murderer is at liberty. Just where the fault lies is difficult to say. But as things go now the American jury system is a failure in this one respect at least. The same evidence that would inevitably hang a man in England, and hang him quickly, would not convince an American jury in nine out of ten cases.—Philadelphia Press.

LIEUT. GOV. ROBERT S. MURPHY of Johnstown may soon have a seat on the United States district court bench. The judgeship created by the Dalzell bill, passed yesterday in the United States senate, is said to have been designated for Murphy. Judge Emory A. Walling of Erie is also discussed for the position. The Dalzell bill creates an additional district judge in the Pittsburg district. Walter Christy, correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette at Harrisburg writes: "While Gov. Murphy has not said that he is an applicant for the position, there is much reason for believing that the honor will come his way. His friends say that he desires to go on the bench. Recently, when the possibility of his succeeding Gov. Stuart was being discussed, a state leader remarked that the lieutenant governor had ambitions in another direction, which were to be realized soon. If Murphy is appointed to the bench before the adjournment of the legislature on April 15, Senator A. E. Sisson of Erie, president pro tem. of the senate, will become the lieutenant governor. Should the vacancy in the lieutenant governorship occur after April 15, Senator William E. Crow of Uniontown, who is slated for the next president pro tem. of the senate, will become the successor of Murphy. Sisson is now a receptive candidate for [illegible]."—Tuesday's Star-Record.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Since I last wrote President-elect Taft and the distinguished engineers who accompanied him to Panama have returned and made their report and the President in turn has sent a message to Congress confirming the information that has already been given that the lock type of canal is the only one approved by the engineers and the president-elect, who, after a very careful study of the ground have expressed their preference for this type rather than for the sea level canal. The president has sent a special message to Congress on the subject in which he characterizes further advocacy of the less desirable and more expensive sea level canal as foolish.

The president-elect has made it known that he will after the inauguration, call Congress in special session to be assembled on March the 15th.

The apparently petty complications standing in the way of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania, to his acceptance of the highest cabinet office under the new president, have been swept away by special enactment of Congress and there now appears to be no doubt that he will be the Secretary of State under the new administration.

The president-elect has returned to his Cincinnati home, while Mrs. Taft, it is understood, is adding to her wardrobe in New York.

Only ten legislative days and nights remain for this Congress and there are a number of important appropriation bills not yet enacted. There has been filibustering in the Senate and threats of filibustering in the House. The House is restless and even recalcitrant under the the despotism of Speaker Cannon. There is much talk among the insurgents and mutterings of revolts from both Democrats and Republicans. The same condition prevails in the Senate, where Senator La Follette of Wisconsin is effectively protesting against the autocracy of Aldrich, Hale, Penrose and Gillinger. During the week he has successfully resisted Senator Hale, who attempted the immediate passage of the naval appropriation bills and also Senator Penrose, who attempted to rush the Post Office bill through without debate. Mr. La Follette began with arguments against the general policy of withholding appropriation bills until it was too late for other senators to inquire into them. This led Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania to side with sarcasm if the Senate had to be compelled to listen to another Chautauqua lecture. Mr. La Follette, undmindful of the interruption continued with his remarks and intimated that Penrose had not given enough attention to the preparation of the Post Office budget and that the measure had not been properly prepared. Then Mr. Penrose arose in wrath and in a few moments there was a sensation, recognized both on the Senate floor and in the galleries. His arraignment was bitter and he concluded it with the remark that Mr. La Follette's arguments "might better be made by a vender of patent medicines, from the tail end of a cart in some obscure village in Wisconsin than by a Senator of the United States."

It became evident yesterday that the plans for the conservation of the national resources of the country had passed the experimental stage and have become continental instead of national, inasmuch as Canada and Mexico are giving enthusiastic co-operation to the great enterprise. These facts became apparent in the opening address of President Roosevelt this week in the East Room of the White House and the sentiment was strengthened later in the day in the State Department by speeches, made by representatives from other governments. In these speeches, it was recognized that international streams are affected by cutting forests on either side of the boundry and that conservation plans to be effective, must be international.

Mr. Hepburn of Iowa, one of the most capable and influential members of the lower house, attacked the House this week and referring to a plank in the last national Democratic platform, denouncing the rules of the House as at present enforce, said: "I am one of those who would condemn the ten commandments if by some accident the Democratic party should adopt them. For fifty years it has been my duty to criticize the Democratic party, but this particular plank is consoling to my soul." After Colonel Hepburn's speech Speaker Cannon agreed to make a concession to the House insurgents by setting a day each week for the consideration of bills on the calendar. This is one of the principal privileges demanded by the insurgents.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 20, 1909:

Mrs. F. Cleare.
Augusta Simpson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

There is not any better salve than DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. We hereby warn the public that we are not responsible for any injurious effects cause from worthless or poisonous imitations of our DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, the original. It is good for anything when a salve is needed, but it is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Experienced and professional instructors at Edinboro Normal. Spring session begins March 30.

A Phenatic Purchase.

The late Henry Miller, who was guide, philosopher and friend to many book lovers within a thousand miles of New York, was a most successful salesman. One day he called on Collis P. Huntington and showed him a rare copy of a book.

"There are two volumes of this," said Mr. Miller. "The other volume is in perfect order, as you see this one is. You cannot possibly let them escape you, for you know you have nothing like this in your library."

"What is the price?" asked the railroad king.

"Seven hundred dollars," said the bookman.

"Those are too valuable volumes for my library," Mr. Huntington exclaimed.

Mr. Miller went back to his place and sent the books to Mr. Huntington's house with a bill for $700. Next day the railroad king sent for him.

"Why did you send me those books?" he demanded sharply.

"Because you bought them," was the bookman's calm reply.

"I certainly did not!" cried the millionaire.

"Oh, yes, you did!" answered Mr. Miller. "You'll remember perfectly well when I told you what you said. You told me distinctly, 'Those are two valuable volumes for my library.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Books of Reference.

Newspaper editors like to answer questions addressed to them by their readers—if they are not too hard—and they deem themselves as arbiters rather than as accessories to a misdemeanor when they are appealed to for information "to decide a bet." But they wonder sometimes why certain questions are put to them for arbitrament when the answers are to be found in one of three very accessible books—an almanac, a grammar and a small dictionary.

These are books of reference that ought to be in every home library, however small. We guess that they are, but that they are sometimes dusty with misuse or out of easy reach on a top shelf. It is well to have an almanac, a dictionary or an atlas handy when you are reading your newspaper. By consulting them frequently the reader will find his daily paper related his early historical studies to present events and makes his touch with the world closer and more significant. Get the habit!—New York Mail.

A Sporting Parson.

The infliction of a hunting rector by his bishop reminds a correspondent that the Rev. Jack Russell, the famous west country sporting parson, was once cited to appear before the bishop of Exeter to answer charges of neglecting his spiritual and parochial duties, and he was also remonstrated with for keeping and following a pack of hounds. The charges were proved unfounded, and Russell refused to give up the sport, which he continued to pursue almost to the day of his death in 1883, at the age of eighty-eight. Besides being an insatiable hunter, he was, as his biographer pithily remarks, "a stanch supporter of Devonshire wrestlers, an admirable sparrer and an enthusiastic upholder of the virtues of Devonshire cider and cream." And in the pulpit he tried to reform conduct rather than to expound doctrine and was a stern denouncer of bad language, strong drink and "the filthy habit of smoking."—St. James' Gazette.

Sarcasm in the Commons.

The reluctance of the house of commons to adjourn over Derby day recalls a story related of one of the Roman Catholic peers who took their seats some four or five years before the passage of the first reform bill after an exclusion of a century and a half. He gave notice that on a certain day he would make a certain motion, whereupon there arose from his noble colleagues a general cry of "Derby!" The astonished novice named another day, only to be greeted with an equally unanimous expostulation of "Oaks!" At this he explained that he would have to ask the forgiveness of their lordships; but, having been educated abroad, he was forced to acknowledge that he was not familiar with the list of saints' days in the Anglican calendar.

His Glasses.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying, "Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper time."

He blinked, looked wise and, bracing up against the hatrack, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses down town."

"Yes," she replied, with scathing irony, "but you brought the contents with you."

Not Grasping.

"What a grasping fellow you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days."

"You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit, but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet."

Found Him Guilty.

Counsel (to the jury)—The principal fault of the prisoner has been his unfortunate characteristic of putting faith in thieves and scoundrels of the basest description. I have done. The unhapy man in the dock puts implicit faith in you, gentlemen of the jury!

She Had to Mend Them.

Benham—I believe in putting my best foot forward, Mrs. Benham—I have noticed that your toe always goes right through your stocking.—New York Press.

NEW CABINET SHOP

Book Cases, Chiffioners, Stands, Tables, etc., made to order. All kinds of furniture repaired in a neat and serviceable manner. Please give me your patronage.—Nelson street, near Bank street.

Stocked Potter County Farm Close to Market.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 184 acres, located one mile from Costello, Pa., and 2 miles from Austin, Pa. Valley and hill land, very productive, lays nice to work; rich loam self; first class fences; one of best orchards in Potter county; 75 acres under cultivation, 30 acres in pastures; 75 acres in second growth timber with some nice hemlock; farm finely watered by springs and well. Eight-room house in good repair with new roof, spring water piped to house and barn. One barn 62x32 with 18-foot shed, basement with cement floor, root cellar and cow comfort stanchions, new cedar shingle roof on barn. Good-sized horse barn, hog house, poultry and meat houses. All buildings in first class condition and are insured for $1,175. Three-fourths of a mile to school, one mile to railroad station. We offer this farm for $2,200. Terms $1,000 cash, balance $100 a year and interest, or will include with the farm 2 good work horses and harness, 4 head young stock, 5 cows, 2 heifers coming in, 25 tons hay, 6 tons straw, 50 bushels corn, 200 bushels oats, 150 bushels rutabagas, farm tools and machinery, for $3,200. Possession April first. This farm is known as the Spring Dale farm is located close to Austin, Pa., which is one of the best market towns in Potter county. If you are looking for a well located money making farm this will please you. Will take house and lot in some village or small mercantile business in part payment.

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.
Send for Our Latest Real Estate List.

Report of the Condition

OF

THE CHANCE NATIONAL BANK OF McKEAN COUNTY, AT SMETHPORT, IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEB. 5, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 127,127 38
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		220 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation		100,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds		3800 25
Bond, securities, etc.		11535 00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		2570 21
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)		432 16
Due from approved reserve agents		16,058 12
Checks and other cash items		147 50
Exchanges for Clearing House		1720 17
Notes of other National Banks		2975 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents		302 16
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:		
Specie	1717 48	
Legal-tender notes	11650 00	13367 48
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5% of circulation)		5000 00
		$ 297100 35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 100,000 00
Surplus fund	11500 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3068 33
National Bank notes outstanding	99600 00
Dividends unpaid	330 00
Individual deposits subject to check	214502 75
Certified Checks	87 83
Cashier's checks outstanding	500 40
	$ 427100 35

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF McKEAN. }

I, J. W. LEE, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. W. LEE,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 10th day of Feb., 1909.

E. R. MAYO,
Notary Public.

Notarial Seal.
My commission expires January 25th, 1911.

Correct—Attest:—
A. B. ARMSTRONG,
H. W. RUMSEY,
JOHN N. APPLE,
Directors.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Grant was a hero. He loved a good cigar. You can get the best cigars and tobacco in town at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

THE CHILDREN LIKE IT
KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

EARLY RISERS

RUBBER BOOTS

ON SALE THIS WEEK.

We can save money for you if you buy now. A complete line of Rubber Boots for Men, Ladies and Children now on sale at

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

BELLE MEAD SWEETS,
Bon Bons and Chocolates.

Butterick Patterns

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

FREE FROM SMOKE AND ODOR

Burns clean and dry without charring wick or frosting chimney.

"FAMILY FAVORITE" LAMP OIL

Refined three times. Every foreign particle and sediment removed. A clear, white and absolutely uniform. Gives the brightest white light—the most and best light. Finest in the world for reading and "night work."

Not sold from tank wagons. Direct to you out of the original barrel from us. Costs no more and is ever so much better. Your dealer knows—ask him.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun. Light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16-gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pleasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Better Not Get Dyspepsia

If you can help it. Kodol prevents Dyspepsia, by effectually helping Nature to Relieve Indigestion. But don't trifle with Indigestion.

A great many people who have trifled with indigestion, have been sorry for it—when nervous or chronic dyspepsia resulted, and they have not been able to cure it.

Use Kodol and prevent having Dyspepsia.

Everyone is subject to indigestion. Stomach derangement follows stomach abuse, just as naturally and just as surely as a sound and healthy stomach results upon the taking of Kodol.

When you experience sourness of stomach, belching of gas and nauseating fluid, bloated sensation, gnawing pain in the pit of the stomach, heart burn (so-called), diarrhoea, headaches, dullness or chronic tired feeling—you need Kodol. And then the quicker you take Kodol—the better. Eat what you want, let Kodol digest it.

Ordinary pepsin "dyspepsia tablets," physics, etc., are not likely to be of much benefit to you, in digestive ailments. Pepsin is only a partial digester—and physics are not digesters at all.

Kodol is a perfect digester. If you could see Kodol digesting every particle of food, of all kinds, in the glass test-tubes in our laboratories, you would know this just as well as we do.

Nature and Kodol will always cure a sick stomach—but in order to be cured, the stomach must rest. That is what Kodol does—rests the stomach, while the stomach gets well. Just as simple as A, B, C.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist for the bottle. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clern

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSET WEEK.

Commencing next Monday and continuing for one week, we will give to every purchaser of an

American Beauty Corset

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO., Makers

during any of the above days, absolutely FREE, a copy of one of the most popular pieces of music of this year, the

American Beauty March & Two Step.

This is one of those "catchy" selections that one involuntarily beats time to when its being played. Bands and orchestras are adapting it for their use in the metropolitan cities.

Please remember that this unusual offer is for one week only.

See our window display of these coreset. The best that corset intelligence has yet produced.

$1.00 and up.

The Lindholm Company

DALY & GARLICK

WASHDAY WARE.

TUBS--That hold water.
SCRUBBING BOARDS--That don't warp.
WRINGERS--That don't tear the clothes.
CLOTHES HORSES--That stand upright.
WASHING MACHINES--That save labor.

We can give you everyting except the water and soap.

And everything we give you will be well built--made to last. Wooden ware can easily be made to look right, but be worthless in service. The kind we sell stands the service. It's made for rough and water-soaked usage. Prices right.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The marble playing fad has hit town among the small boys.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a change of advertisement this week.

—Three divorces were granted in the Potter county courts last week.

—"Rube correspondence" is popular with the Bradford papers just now.

—Mrs. Harry L. Bickus entertained the Bridge Whist club Tuesday afternoon.

—Lucy Burdick is confined to her home, suffering with cold and sore throat.

—A very pleasant dancing party was given by Chadwick's orchestra Tuesday evening.

—The major portion of the population of Eldred was in attendance at court this week.

—Mrs. Horace H. Redfield entertained a large party of ladies at bridge whist Monday afternoon.

—Owing to rabies in the vicinity of Bradford there is talk of quarantining the dogs in that city.

—Miss May Dibble or East Smethport was taken to the Kane hospital Tuesday morning in a very serious condition.

—What's the difference between Walk-Over Shoes and others? Read the answer in Monheimer's ad on this page.

—Washington Stark, who has been ill at his home for some time past, resumed his duties at the Smethport glass factory on Monday.

—There are several applications for mail carrier on the rural free delivery route soon to be established from this postoffice up Marvin creek.

—It is said that "Yama," the popular and successful musical comedy that has been in this section for some time past, is owned by Condersport parties.

—Mrs. Melville Gillette entertained a party of ladies at a six o'clock dinner Thursday. After the repast a couple of hours were devoted to bridge whist.

—Five tramps were arrested at Custer City on Monday. One was released and the other four brought over here yesterday morning to serve 30 days in the county jail.

—Horace G. James, well known here in years gone by, now editor and proprietor of the Independence, Kan., Reporter, is visiting friends in Bradford and [illegible]r. As a newspaper man Mr. [illegible] hustler and has made good.

—Mr. and Mrs. Anson S. Burdick entertained a number of friends Saturday evening at their home on Cemetery street. Miss Frances Steinhauer was the guest of honor.

—The Eldred Eagle says that Smethport parties hold an option on a new bank in that place and would like to know why they are not doing something toward getting the new institution started.

—Editor McFall of the Eldred Eagle is making a good hard fight, to bring that town out on top after its recent reverses and we hope the people of that town appreciate his efforts as they should.

—Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained a large party of ladies at the home of her mother, Mrs. T. A. Morrison, on West Main street at a six o'clock dinner Monday evening, in honor of her guest, Miss Leuffer of Kane.

—Arthur B. Henry has tendered his resignation as superintendent of the United Natural Gas company, with offices at Bradford. Mr. Henry has oil and gas interests of his own which require his undivided attention.

—On Saturday last John Eberspacher opened a billiard and pool parlor in the building on Main street he recently purchased from Mrs. A. E. Hinman. He has one billiard and three pool tables, all new, and the new place presents a neat appearance.

—The well recently drilled in, on the C. H. Gleason property on what is known as the dugway, was shot on Monday and Mr. Gleason informed the writer yesterday afternoon that it was a very good well. This is encouraging news because the production will be used in Smethport for manufacturing purposes.

—The last dance before lent given by the Lemon Club at the Lyceum Monday evening was another success added to the long list made by this club during its existence of nearly two years. Chadwick's orchestra furnished excellent music and the refreshments were of the same high standard as in the past. The attendance was unusually large and all enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

—We notice with pleasure that our old friend, S. H. Cleveland, was elected burgess of Smethport last Tuesday over one of the most popular Democrats in that borough, Mr. Cleveland lived in Port Allegany several years, was employed by John Goding and is kindly remembered by all of us. He will give Smethport a satisfactory and economical administration. He has our best wishes.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Joe Romano, whose right hand was so badly crushed by the wringer in the scrub house at the tannery, on August 8, 1908, has parted from a piece of wood an artificial hand, which is one of the best pieces of work of the kind the writer has ever seen. He was so painstaking in making it appear like the left member, that he colored it with bark liquid to more closely resemble his other hand.—Coudersport Democrat.

—Fifth ward persons who own dogs would like to locate a poisoner who is at work in that hallwick. Five canines have already been poisoned. They had to be killed by their owners, and persons owning valuable dogs are now obliged to keep them shut in or take the chance of having them get a dose of poison. Considerable indignation has been aroused and a still hunt for the poisoner will be prosecuted.—Bradford Star-Record.

—On Tuesday last, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Reeder spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. L. Steinhauer at their home in Farmers valley, to celebrate the thirty-third anniversary of the triple wedding of these three sisters. There has been but very few of these anniversaries that these three couples have not met at the home of one or the other to put in a pleasant day, enjoy a good dinner, and talk of the many blessings that have been theirs.

—The Alexander brothers, who were arrested some time ago, mention of which was made in this paper, were released by the court this week, the case having been settled out of court. They called at this office yesterday and brought witnesses to prove that they had never been guilty of horsestealing, which they did to our satisfaction. This was not a hard matter because we had never supposed they had even been accused of this crime, and if they were we had never heard of it.

—James Thomas of Kinzua is in the Warren jail charged with assault with attempt to murder Simon Streich, of Gladerun. Streich was at Kinzua the guest of Thomas, and they were in the pool room when Davie Allen, a weak-minded lad entered. Thomas began fooling with the lad and finally threw him on the floor. Others interfered and put Thomas down. This angered him and he procured a Winchester rifle and fired, the bullet hitting Streich in the right hip, taking its course through the leg to the knee.

—The officers and several committees of the Elk-McKean Anniversary association, I. O. O. F., met on Wednesday evening, in the parlors of the Odd Fellows' hall and organized. The several committees reported their sub-appointments and a general line of procedure was mapped out. From the present indications there will be a jolly time for both Odd Fellows and visitors at Kane on April 20, 1909. The management of the affairs has been placed in the hands that make no failures in things of this kind.—Kane Republican.

—After a year and a half in Mt. Jewett as proprietor of the Central drug store, W. J. Nourse has concluded to sever his relations with this community, and is busily engaged packing up the stock and equipment of the store with the intention of embarking in business at Sikesville, Pa. During his stay in Mt. Jewett Mr. Nourse has established a reputation as a thorough business man and a hustler all the way round. While we regret the departure of Mr. Nourse and his estimable wife, we wish them the best of success in their new field, and commend them to the mercies of the people of Sikesville with the assurance that they are of the proper sort.—Mt. Jewett Herald. Mr. Nourse is well known here.

—Dr. Jos. B. Colcord was at Coudersport yesterday, in consultation with his attorneys in the suit brought some time ago against the Enterprise Publishing Co., of that town, for twenty-five thousand dollars damages. Last evening, these gentlemen met at the Reporter office and later adjourned to the office of Charles W. Catlin where the whole matter was gone over and a satisfactory conclusion arrived at. Mr. Stokes with the consent of the Enterprise company will publish a modest but full retraction in his next issue and the case will be discontinued. It is the very best thing for all parties concerned and their friends. Both Mr. Colcord and Mr. Stokes have our congratulations.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Last Thursday George Brennan and Dudley Gifford found a hound belonging to the former, which had been lost for nearly three weeks, on the island near the Kushequa depot. The poor animal had one leg badly mangled where it had been caught in a trap and was so nearly starved that it did not attempt to swim the creek and go home, although it had apparently been free for several days. All this time this suffering animal had made no outcry and therefore its whereabouts were not known. The beast was in such bad shape that it was put out of its misery. Persons who set traps and then do not go to see them sometimes cause great suffering to dumb animals and if a few such careless persons were prosecuted they would be more careful about such matters.

—Comrade B. F. Wright came over from Smethport last evening to attend the meeting of the Big Five Mining Company and returned home this afternoon. The comrade is one of the pioneers of Smethport and Potato creek. He settled in Smethport in 1858 and that borough has been unsettled ever since. For thirty years Mr. Wright was landlord of the Wright House and a few years ago retired from active business life and sold his hotel to F. L. Sherburne. The comrade is a veteran of the civil war and a member of the famous Bucktail Regiment. In addition to his other accomplishments, Comrade Wright is an expert gardener and grows green corn in season that is the delight of all epicures who have the pleasure of sampling its flavor.—Tuesday's Star-Record.

Personal Mention.

Roy Stark is home from Bradford on account of sickness.

Orlo J. Hamlin was in Buffalo the forepart of the week.

Dr. Evan Kane of Kane was in town on business this week.

Mrs. Frank E. Baldwin of Austin is visiting relatives in town.

C. W. Catlin of Port Allegany had business in town this week.

Dave McCarty of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor this week.

W. L. Hammar left yesterday afternoon for a business visit to Buffalo.

Will Blake of Eldred attended the Lemon Club dance Monday evening.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was an Olean visitor from Saturday until Monday.

Miss Hallie Walker returned Monday from a short visit with Olean friends.

F. M. Windsor of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelton of Buffalo are visiting relatives in this place.

Editor R. K. Goddling of the Kane Republican was a visitor at court yesterday.

Mrs. Peterson was called to Mt. Jewett on Saturday on account of the death of her father.

William Monheimer was in New York and Philadelphia last week buying spring goods.

Mrs. A. J. Laley of Bradford was the guest of Mrs. N. H. Knapp Friday and Saturday last.

Mrs. Erhart of Colegrove was the guest of her daughter Miss Esther the first of the week.

Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Waldo Susse of Kane was the guest of relatives and friends in town the early part of the week.

Wendell Llewellyn of Eldred was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus the first of the week.

Mrs. W. J. Larned of Syracuse is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Scott F. Redfield.

Willard D Morgan of Rochester, N. Y., spent Sunday and Monday with the Rev. W. A. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield and Miss Marvin left last evening for a visit to New York City.

William G. Shoemaker of Buffalo is spending the week in Smethport visiting with his boyhood friends.

Miss Edith McGuire left Monday for an extended Southern trip. Most of her time will be spent at Ocala, Fla.

M. S. Geary has returned from the Wyoming oil field and is very enthusiastic over the prospects in that field.

Miss Frances Steinhauer left for her home in Farmers Valley Monday after a week's visit with friends in this place.

Mrs. H. C. Wells returned home last evening from a visit to Philidelphia and West Chester, where she visited her daughter, Irma.

A. B. Armagost, foreman of the Johnsonburg Breeze, is in attendance at court this week and made this office a very pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young returned home on Saturday from an extended visit to Porto Rico where they have been for nearly a month.

S. R. Chase, who has been the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Chase of East Smethport, for the past few weeks, departed Saturday for Wheeling, W. Va.

Samuel E. Bell left yesterday afternoon for the Big Horn oil field in Wyoming where he will start drilling on some of the leases held by the Bell Oil & Gas Co., recently organized here and of which Mr. Bell is president and manager. He will be located at Garland, Wyoming, and he also stated that it was doubtful if he returned home before late in the summer.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

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The Y Ranch Short Count

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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THE Y ranch outfit was rounding up, with the cowboys scattered over twenty miles of territory hunting stray bunches. It had been a good season, with plenty of water and grass, and Sam Bell, the owner, was confident of passing the 10,000 mark, the stockman's ambition. But as the territory narrowed and the truant bunches were hurried in under the eyes of the counters and added to the main herds the estimate, conservative as it had seemed, was apparently much too high. When all were in the count was still considerably under 9,000.

"There's a gate down somewhere," said Bell to the foreman emphatically. "We haven't made the increase we did last year, when the season was bad. Are you sure there weren't any strays left in some out of the way coulees or sink holes?"

"Oh, there may be a few scattering ones here and there, but a thousand! Good land! Where'd they hide themselves?"

"That's so." Bell's gaze swept impatiently across the sea of tossing, clashing horns, and a hand dropped

ON ACROSS THE PLAIN HE SWEPT.

involuntarily to his belt. His thoughts had flown to the same solution as the foreman's. One-half of the count, 5,000, he had intended to send to market and then spend the winter in Europe, his first relaxation in ten years of ranching.

"What's your idea?" he snapped.

The foreman made a significant motion of lifting, then swung his arm toward the foothills.

"There's no hiding place this side o' the bigger hills and ravines," he said, "an' that number o' cattle wouldn't stray so far from home without inducement. Then, again, no cattle lifter would dare to steer straight for market with our brand showin' plain."

"Just what I think. Now, boys," glancing about at such of the cowboys as were in hearing and his voice growing quick and decisive, "we'll run this thing into the ground right here and now. Just enough of you remain to keep these cattle in the neighborhood and the rest scatter round to all the surrounding ranches and find out who have lost cattle. Then we'll organize a quick hunt of recapture and extermination. Who has the V ranch now, forty miles to the north, toward the foothills?"

One of the cowboys guffawed.

"Pitty little girlie lost away from mamma," he lisped. "Looks jest like a picter an' ain't never rode a hoss nor heered 'bout original sin. Sure"—at the frown on his employer's face—"that's jest as I pumped it from her head man an' all round man. I've met him two or three times while roundin' cattle up that a-way, an' he's a whole Sunday school book in colors an' big print. He ain't never swore nor smoked nor stole nor drinked nor anything like that, an' "—

"About the girl and the ranch?" interrupted Bell.

"Jest what I'm a-tellin'," imperturbably. "The story's like this: 'My friend the German's big as any six an' a half foot man could be an' as innercent as any two foot boy ought to be, an' he knows all about ranchin', for he was raised on a down east farm, where they allers keep a cow an' some pigs an' hens an' gener'ly have a hoss for plowin' an' sich an' drivin' to meetin', an' he's the only man folk on the V ranch. An' the second chapter goes on to say that when old Peebles was gored last spring the only heiress an' legatee an' kin was this same picter girl, who was studyin' books in a village high school. But she was jest as plucky 's innercent, an' 'stead o' sellin' she come straight on to run the ranch herself an' brung this German, who 'greed to look out for everything for one-third the profits. He told me all this himself, jest like a baby would.'"

"And these two are running the V ranch by themselves," said Bell incredulously. "Why, a veteran cow boy couldn't look after a herd of any decent size, such as I suppose Mr. Peebles owned. Did he tell you their number?"

"Don't guess he knows," grinning. "His great drawback is weak head. He talks big as a 10,000 man—'bout what they've done an' are doin' an' are goin' to do an' 'bout their round-ups an' brandin's an' sich. But one time when I pinned him down to real numbers he flung his shoulders back an' looked proud as a peacock an' said he guessed as much as seventy an' spoke like it was printed in big letters. Ye see, at home he'd never been used to but one.

"Now, my idee's this," looking about the group which had closed in to listen. "Old Peebles himself wa'n't much of a cattle man an' got more an' more shiftless 'fore he was gored. He never had, only 500 or 600 head, I guess, an' half these slipped away or died 'fore his end come. Then between the gorin' an' the girl ranchin there the herd must 'a' thinned considerable. I wouldn't wonder if the weak herd was reasonably close to the mark, though mebbe the count 'll run to a hundred or more. One man could look after that many in any place an' up where they are could care for most any number. The V ranch is jest a long valley that ends in a p'int, with the only entrance this way, an' it has the best grazin' I know. Almost any size herd could feed there, an' a man at this end could look out for 'em all. If 't wa'n't for that the two innocents couldn't 'a herded a dozen a week without a stampede. That valley's jest honey an' peaches for the little girlie."

"It's one of the most exposed ranches in the whole country," declared Bell with considerable uneasiness in his voice. "If there are cattle stealers in the mountains, as seems a sure thing now, the V ranch is right at their hands, and from what you say about the owners, there wouldn't be much opposition. I question if even now any cattle are left on the ranch. What'd you say the girl's name was?"

"Didn't say. But I guess it spells out Katherine, for the man spoke of her as Miss Kat'in', though likely her schoolgirlie name is Kitty. Shall I ride out that away?"

"No; I'll go myself. It's time I was showing neighborliness. Besides, I don't mind confessing I'm a little anxious. The rest of you visit all the ranches within thirty or forty miles and invite every man who has lost cattle to join in the hunt. I will cover the territory in my direction."

There were two ranches on the way out, and these he visited. But the owners seemed incredulous as to his loss. The year had been the most prosperous in their experience, they declared, and neither of them had missed a hoof. And yet their cattle had strayed in all directions, many even penetrating into the foothills.

On across the plain with long, easy undulations he swept, making rapid progress, but so easily as to seem in no hurry, himself and horse as one, a machine for speed.

The V ranch owner was swinging in a hammock under one of the trees that were scattered about the dugout. Old Peebles had been shiftless financially and industrially, but he had been an artist for beauty and comfort. Other ranchers had raised cattle; he had grown trees and arranged hammocks and seats under them and boxes for birds' nests in them. Within the dugout he had more easy lounging places and entrances for birds and a profusion of books. And while he had read and dreamed and slept the herd had scattered and decreased.

To this place had come the girl from the east, young in years, but with the dreaminess of centuries in her blood. And she had found the place good.

She had scarcely thought of loneliness or visitors, but now, as she saw the first one sweep into her valley and straight on to the dugout, she found that interest of the outside world surpassed that of the book in her hand, and she rose and stood awaiting his approach with a flush of anticipation on her face.

She was more than merely pretty, and the consciousness of it thrilled Sam Bell even before he swung himself from his horse and stood before her with doffed hat. Since his college days he had seen little of women, but this one struck him as being more suited to a drawing room than to a dugout. He had thought to pay his compliments and state his errand while holding to his bridle reins, but before a half dozen words were spoken he made a turn with the reins about a limb and accepted the camp chair beside her hammock, which she hospitably indicated. Then he pushed the chair aside and sprawled at full length upon the ground, which custom had made a more natural and comfortable position.

"So you don't think you've lost any cattle?" he asked after some minutes' conversation. "Are you sure?"

"No, for I never found out how many I own," she answered. "They keep coming in, sometimes singly and sometimes in greater flocks. It keeps poor Hans busy looking after them. You see, my uncle was very, very careless in business, and I suppose his cattle strayed into all the wild places in the mountains. He once wrote me he didn't know how many he owned, as they were never together. Hans and I are now rounding them in, I think you call it."

"I should think you'd find it rather difficult, only two of you," gravely.

"No; it isn't any trouble at all. I remember our cow at home used to come up to the barn every night. I suppose it's a sort of cattle nature. Of course some of these have been off a long time—five or six months very likely—and perhaps it might seem a little odd they should come home. You see, it's what we call animal instinct. The poor cattle have discovered in some way that people are living here now and that they'll be cared for. So they're coming home. Don't you think the idea is very beautiful?"

"Yes, indeed," he assented earnestly. But he was looking into her eyes and watching the changes of expression on her animated face. And he was already congratulating himself that his ranch was only thirty miles away and that the two intervening ones were owned by family men. He would be more neighborly in the future. A girl like this ought not to be very much by herself in such an exposed place.

"Hans is a very competent man," he said.

"Yes, indeed. He does everything nearly. The branding came hardest to him at first, but he is getting accustomed to it some, as he has done so much. He is out branding a new lot now. I always stay near the house when he does that, it seems so cruel. But it's necessary, I suppose."

"Yes, it's necessary. But I don't quite understand. I thought your uncle's cattle were already branded."

"So they were—in his way. But you've heard how careless he was. Even his branding is—is—well, shiftless. Why, some of them have one of the lines dropping nearly half an inch below the other. Just think of it!" flushing with something very like shame. "I told Hans all the country would be laughing at us, and he's made a new branding iron, larger than the other, of course, to cover the extra length of that line. All our new branding looks neat and regular now, and—but won't you come and look at it?" rising suddenly from the hammock and looking at him shyly. "I'm so new to it all, and I want to learn. Please tell me all you can. I hope you'll come over real often now. I didn't suppose I was a bit lonesome, but just talking with some one from outside shows me I am."

Bell rose almost dizzily, so great was the sudden agitation which sent the blood rushing to his face.

But when they came to the narrow pen into which Hans drove the cattle for branding the color left his face as suddenly as it had come, and in its place was an expression which carried his gaze swiftly from the cattle to the girl and then to Hans. But the girl looked at him trustingly and Hans with stolid simplicity.

"That animal instinct for coming home has been a lot of assistance to you in rounding up the cattle," he could not forbear saying.

"It certainly has," the girl agreed, "for Hans wouldn't even have had to leave the valley but for driving other ranchers' cattle home. He laughs at me, though, and says the fine grass in the valley is the instinct that draws the cattle here. I suppose that does help some, but—ugh!" as Hans applied

WHEN THEY CAME TO THE PEN THE COLOR LEFT HIS FACE.

the white hot iron to another flank and the odor of burning flesh filled the air. "It's horrid, cruel! Let's go away from here soon as we can." Then as they walked back toward the hammock: "What is your brand and how many head do you own?" That's the proper question out here on the plains, I believe. And of course we ranchers ought to know each other's mark. I've learned Bergmann's and Ollson's already. And, oh, yes, I've got about 2,000 head branded now. Poor Hans doesn't know figures, so I have to keep count."

Bell did not hesitate, and he had given up all thought of going to Europe.

"My count is between 8,000 and 9,000," he answered, "and my brand"—he took an envelope from his pocket and made on it a Y with a very long tail, so long that he scarcely recognized it himself—"is something like this. Now please tell me something about your life in the east."

When he reached home it was late in the night, but the foreman and several of the cowboys were awaiting him. They had brought no one back with them, for no one but themselves had lost cattle. Bell listened gravely.

"Maybe a few of our cattle strayed off into the mountains," he said when all had given in their reports, "but the rest must be set down as a miscount. Now we'll turn in."

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The SPORTING WORLD

Notter to Ride Abroad.

Unless all plans fail Joe Notter, who led the jockeys in winning mounts in the east the past season, will ride in Germany next year. He recently signed a contract to pilot the horses of M. Weinberg & Co. on the Ger

JOCKEY JOE NOTTER.

man tracks. Notter rode the Keene horses to victory in many big stakes the past two years. He is without doubt one of the best jockeys developed in recent years. At present he is riding in California.

Plan Mexican Race Circuit.

Propositions to race American horses in Mexico have been made recently to Colonel Matt. J. Winn of Louisville, Ky., who is president of the American Turf association. Within a few weeks Colonel Winn, accompanied by Algernon Daingerfield, secretary of the Eastern Jockey club, and Lyman Davis, secretary of the Louisville Jockey club, will go to Mexico to look over the field. If the plans develop as expected the work of establishing American racing in Mexico will continue, and the first season will open in January, 1910, with the running of the $25,000 Mexican Derby as the opening event.

It is proposed to have a circuit of five cities. Besides the City of Mexico, it is practically certain that Monterey and Juarez will be in this circuit. The Mexican government has agreed to give the jockey club $25,000 a year for ten years. It provides the ground on which the plant at the City of Mexico will be built and concedes the racing privileges for twenty years to the jockey club.

Spreckels Quits Racing Game.

Rudolph Spreckels, millionaire sugar, railroad, newspaper and general enterprise man, made good his threat to retire from racing by the sale recently in the Arcadia paddock, California, of his horses in training. The animals were sent to the Baldwin track in charge of Trainer W. Covington and were raced at the present meeting to give horsemen a line upon them.

For years Rudolph Spreckels has raced under the title of the Sobra Vista stable. His breeding farm, stallions, mares, yearlings, stake engagements, etc., represent an investment of about $300,000. Everything will be sold out in due time. Among the horses sold were El Tremor, St. Elmwood, Sap Alvise, Milpitas, Sachet, Dictator, Provendure and eleven yearlings. The Spreckels horses in training were anything but top notchers.

Sweden May Hold Olympiad in 1912.

James Lightbody, winner of the half mile at the Athens Olympic games in 1906, is in Berlin in behalf of the German Athletic union endeavoring to ascertain the feeling as to the holding of the Olympic games in Berlin in 1912.

He told a correspondent recently that it was not probable the games would be held in Berlin. He thought it more likely that they would be held in Stockholm, where there is less class spirit, especially among the army officers, in regard to sports. He also said that there was a greater willingness in Sweden to provide the necessary funds.

1908 Our Greatest Golf Season.

The 1908 season of golf was the best known since the game secured a foothold on this side of the water fifteen years ago. Aside from the almost continuous string of open and invitation tournaments this year, the various championships proved to be memorable affairs. The first of the national events, the open at Myopia the latter part of August, resulting in a tie between Fred McLeod and Will Smith at the end of the seventy-two holes of medal play, was a notable performance.

Michigan to Have Crew.

The University of Michigan is to have a crew for the first time in its history. The city of Ann Arbor is building a new dam which will back up waters of the Huron river and give room for rowing. Plans for a boathouse along with a request for a coach and equipment for the boathouse, shells, etc., will be submitted to the board of regents at their next meeting.

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Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
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County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford
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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant. D. F. WILSON, Com.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K. W. H. MORNINGS, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 237, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERHACHEN, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOONEHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
ED. IRONS, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport. Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elisabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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MY GOD, FOR THIS, YOU SHALL DIE!

GALLOW'S GATE

A Dick Ryder Tale

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

'Twas two o'clock of a bright mild March day that I cleared St. Leonard's forest and came out upon the roads at the back of Horsham. I was for London, but chose that way by reason of a better security it promised, which, as it chanced, was a significant piece of irony. Horsham, a mighty quiet, pretty town, lay in a blaze of the sun, enduring the sallies of a dusty wind, and feeling hot and athirst after my long ride, I pulled up at an inn and dismounted.

"Host," says I, when I was come in, "a pint of your best Burgundy or Canary to wash this dust adown; and rip me if I will not have it laced in brandy."

"Why, sir," says he, "a cold bright day for horseback," and he shakes his head.

"H—m, you're right," says I. "Cold i' the belly and hot in the groin. Here's luck to the house, man," and I tossed off the gallipot, though the brandy barely saved exceeding thin swipes that he had the impudence to pass for wine. "Why, good man, ye'll make your fortune on this," I said with a laugh, and flung open the door to go out, when all of a sudden I came to a silence and a pause.

"'Tis the officers," says the landlord, who was at my ear. "Gadsilfe, 'tis the sheriff men from Lewes."

"Lewes!" says I slowly. What be they here for?"

"Why," says he, in a flutter, "there was him that was taken for a tobyman by Guildford. He was at Lewes, and will hang."

"If he be fool enough to be taken, let him be hanged and be damned," says I carelessly.

I had an old score with Timothy, the which I had sworn to pay; but that was not the time nor the opportunity, and so I pulled in, and lowered my head, lest by chance his evil eye might go my way. As I did so something struck the mare's rump, and, looking back, I saw a young man a-horseback that had emerged from a side street.

"Whoa, there!" says I, cheerfully, "are you so blinded by March dust as not to see a gentleman when he goes by?"

He stared after the traps, and says he in an interested voice: "Who be they? Is it my Lord Blackdown?"

"Oh," says he, gazing at me, "a friend of yours, sir?"

"Not, as you might call him, a friend," said I, gravely, "but rather one that has put an affront upon me."

"Gad, I like that spirit," says he, briskly, and, as if it constituted a bond betwixt us, he began to amble slowly at my side. If there is any mischief, sir," says he, "I trust you will allow me to stand your friend."

"You are for a journey," says I.

He nodded, and his color rose, but he frowned. "I am for Effingham," said he.

"So am I," said I, "at least I pass that way," which was not so, for I was for Reading, and had meant to go to Guilford. Yet I was in no mind to risk an encounter with Grubbe and his lambs, who were bound for Guilford if what the innkeeper said was true, and the way by Effingham would serve me as well as another. He looked pleased, and says he:

"Why, we will travel in company."

"With all my heart," said I.

"You mind me," said I, drinking to him, for I liked the fellow, "of a lad that I knew that was in the wars."

"Was in the wars?" says he, eagerly.

"I served in Flanders," said I.

"My father fought for his gracious majesty, Charles I.," says he quickly, "and took a deep wound at Marston Moor. There was never a braver man than Squire Masters of Rockhang."

"I'll warrant his son is his spit," said I.

He bowed us if he were at court. "Your servant, sir," says he, smiling well pleased and eyed me. "You have seen much service, sir?" he asked.

"Why, as much as will serve Mr. Masters," said I.

He looked at me shyly. "You have my name now," said he, and left his question in the air.

"You may call me Ryder," said I.

"You have had your company, sir?" he went on in a hesitating voice.

"Not always as good company as this," I replied laughing.

"I knew it," said he eagerly. "You are Capt. Ryder?"

"Capt. Ryder," said he, abruptly, "you have traveled far and seen much, who might advise one junior to you on a matter of worldly wisdom."

Sink me (thinks I), what's the boy after; but says I gravely from a mutinous face: "You can hang your faith on me for an opinion or a blow, Mr. Masters."

"Thank you," says he heartily, and then thrusts a hand into his bosom and rapidly struck at me a document. Read that, sir," said he, impulsively.

I opened it and found 'twas writ in a woman's hand, and subscribed Anne Varley; and the moral of it was fond affection; why, 'twas but a common love billet he had given me, of the which I have seen dozens and received very many—some from persons of quality that would astonish you. But what was I to do with this honest ninny and his mistress? I had no nose for it, and so said I, handing back his letter:

"It has a sweet smack and 'tis pretty enough inditing."

"Ah;" says he quickly, "'tis her nature, captain—'tis her heart that speaks. Yet is she denied by her parents. They will have none of me."

"The more to their shame," I said.

"They aspire high," says he, "as Anne's beauty and virtues of themselves would justify. Yet she does love me, and I her, and we are of one spirit and heart. See you how she loves me, poor thing, poor silly puss! And they would persuade her to renunciation. But she shall not—she shall not, I swear it," he cried in excitement. "She shall be free to choose whom she will."

"Spoken like a man of temper," said I approvingly. "You will go win her forthright?"

"I am on my journey to accomplish that now," says he. "She has wrote in this letter, as you have seen, that her father dissuades her, and she signs her renunciation, adding sweet words of comfort that her affection will not die—no, never, never; and that she will die virgin for me. Say you not, sir, that this is beautiful conduct, and say, am I not right to ride forth and seize her from her unnatural parents, to make her mine?"

"Young gentleman," said I, being struck by his honest sincerity and his bubbling over, "were you brother to me, or I to Miss Anne, you would have my blessing."

At that he glowed, and, his spirits having risen with this communication, he bubbled on the road of many things cheerfully, but mostly of love and the virtues of Miss Anne of Effingham Manor.

We reached hills beyond Ewhurst and began to climb the rugged way to the top. The wind had gone down with the sun in a flurry of gold in the west to which the eastern breeze had beat all day, and over the head of Pitch Hill last year's heather still blazed in its decay. When we had got to the Windmill Lane that lies packed into the side of the hill and woods there we descended for refreshments, and I saw the horses stabled below for baiting. Now that house, little and quiet, perches in a lonely way in the pass of the hill, and upon one side the ground falls so fast away that the eye carries over a precipitous descent towards the weald of Surry and the dim hills by the sea. And this view was fading swiftly in the window under a bleak sky as Masters and I ate of our dinner in the upstairs room that looked upon it. He had a natural grace of mind despite the rawness of his behavior, and his sentiments emerge sometimes in gush, as when, says he, looking at the darkening weald:

"I love it, captain. 'Tis mine. My home is there, God willing, Anne's, too, shall be."

"Amen," said I, heartily, for the boy had gone to my heart, absurd though he was.

And just on that there was a noise without the door, the clank of heavy feet rang on the boards, and Timothy Grubbe's ugly mask disfigured the room.

He came forward a little with a grin on his distorted features, and, looking from one to the other of us, said he:

"My respects, captain, and to this young plover that no doubt you're plucking. By the Lord, Dick Ryder, but I had given you up!—Heaven sends us good fortune when we're least thinking of it."

Masters at his word had started up. "Who are you, sir, that intrudes on two gentlemen?" he demanded with spirit. "I'll have you know this is a private room. Get you gone."

"Softly, man," says Grubbe in an inshindling voice; "but maybe I'm wrong, and you're two of a color. It is an apprentice, Dick, this brave fal that talks so bold and has such fine feathers?"

"If you do not quit," said I shortly, "I will spit your beauty for you in two ticks."

"Dick Ryder had always plenty heart," said he, in his jeering way; "Dick had always a famous wit, and was known as a hospitable host. So I will take the liberty to invite to his sociable board some good fellows that are below to make merry. We shall prove an excellent company, I'll warrant."

Masters took a step towards him. "Now who the devil soever you may be, you shall not use gentlemen so," he said, whipping out his blade.

But Grubbe turned on him satirically.

"As for you, you cockchafer," said he, "it bodes no good to find you in his company. But as you seem simpleton enough, I'll give you five minutes to take your leave of this gentleman of the road. Dick, you're a fine tobyman, and you have enjoyed a brave career, but your hour is struck."

I rose, but ere I could get to him young Masters had fallen on him.

"Defend yourself, d—n ye!" he said, "you that insult a gentleman that is my friend. Put up your blade, curse you!" and he made at him with incredible energy.

Uttering a curse, Grubbe thrust with his point and took the first onrush, swerving it aside, and ere I could intervene they were at it. My young friend was impetuous, and, as I saw at once, none too skillful, and Grubbe kept his temper, as he always did. He stood with a thin ugly smile, pushing aside the opponent's blade for a moment or two, until, of a sudden, he drew himself up and let drive very low and under the other's guard. The sword rattled from Master's hand and he went down on the floor. I uttered an oath.

"By God, for this you shall die, you swine," said I, fiercely, and I ran at him, but being by the door he swept it open with a movement and backed into the passage.

"The boot is on t'other leg, Dick," says he maliciously. "'Tis you are doomed," and closing the door sharply behind him, he whistled shrilly.

I knew what he intended, and that his men were there, but I stooped over the boy's body and hold my fingers to his heart; 'twas dead and still. I cursed Grubbe and started up. If I was not to be taken there was only the window looking on the deeps of the descending valley. I threw back the casement and leaped over the sill. Grubbe should perish, I swore, and doubled now my oath. I could have wept for that poor youth that had died to avenge my honor. But my first business was my safety, and I crept down as far as I might and dropped. By that time the catchpols were crowding into the room above. I struck the slanting hill, and fell backwards, and getting to my feet, which were very numb with the concussion of the fall, I sped briskly into the darkness, making for the woods.

I lay in the shelter of the woods an hour, and resolved on a circumspection. It was not my intention to leave the mare behind, if so she had escaped Grubbe and his creatures, and moreover, I had other designs in my head. So I made my way back deviously to the inn and reconnoitered. Stillness hung about it, and after a time I marched up to the door mighty cautiously and knocked on it. The innkeeper opened it, and, the lamp burning in my face, started as if I were the devil.

"Hush, man," said I, "is the officer gone?" He looked at me dubiously and trembling. "Come," said I, for I know the reputation of those parts, "I am from Shoreham Gap yonder, and I was near taken for a offense against the revenue."

"You are a smuggler?" said he anxiously. "They said you were a tobyman."

"They will take away any decent man's name," said I. "Come, I want my horse. You have no fancy for preventive men, I'll guess."

And this was true enough, for he hait a mine of cellars under his inn and in the roadway.

"But your friend?" said he, still wavering. "Him that is dead—"

"As good a man as ever rolled a barrel," said I.

He relaxed his grip on the door. "'Tis a sore, bushless for me this night," he complained.

"Nay," said I, "for I will rid your premises of myself and friend, by your leave, or without it," says I.

He seemed relieved at that, and I entered. The horses were safe, as I discovered, for Grubbe must have been too full of his own prime business to make search, and getting them out, I made my preparations. I strapped the lad's body in the stirrup so that he lay forward on the horse with his head a-wagging, but (God deliver him) his soul at rest. And presently we were on the road, and threading the wilderness of the black pine woods for the vale below towards London.

The moon was a glimmering arc across the Hurtwood, as I came out on the back of Shere, and pulling out of the long lane that gave entry to the village, reigned up by the White Horse. From the inn streamed a clamor of laughter and without the doorway, and well-nigh blocking it was drawn up a carriage with a coachman in his seat that struck my eyes dimly in the small light. I was not for calling eyes on me with the dead man astride his horse, so I moved into the yard, thinking to drain a tankard of ale if no better before I took the road over the downs to Bramham. But I was scarce turned into the yard ere light flung through the window pieced on a face that changed all the notions in my skull. 'Twas Grubbe!

Leaving the horses by I went back to the front of the inn and says I to the coachman that waited there as I rapped loud on the door:

"'Tis shrewish to-night."

"Ay," says he, in a grumbling, surly voice, "I would the country were in h—ll."

"Why, so 'twill be in good time," said I, cheerfully; and then to the man that came: "Fetch me two quarts well-laced with gin," said I, "for to keep the chill o' the night and the fear of death."

The coachman laughed a little stoutly, for he knew that this was his invitation.

"Whence come you then?" said I, delivering him the pot that was fetched out.

He threw an arm out. "Lewes," said he, "under charge with a tobyman that was for chains yonder."

He nodded towards the downs and drank. I cast my eyes up and the loom of the hill just t'other side of the village was black and ominous.

"Oh," says I, "he hangs there?"

"At the top of the London road," says he, dipping his nose again. "There stand the gallows where the roads cross and near the gate."

"Gallows Gate," said I, laughing. "Well, 'twas a merry job enough."

"Ay," says he, "but this we might have been far towards London town, whither most of us are already gone. But 'twas not his meaning. He must come back with the Lewes sheriff and drink him farewell."

"Leaving a poor likely young man as yourself to starve of cold and an empty belly here," said I. "Well, I

Why, Good Man, Ye'll Make Your Fortune on This.

would learn such a one manners in your place; and you shall have another tankard of dog's-nose for your pains," says I, whereat I called out the innkeeper again, but took care that he had my share of the gin, in addition to his own. By that time he was garrulous; and had lost his caution, so keeping him in talk a little, and dragging his wits along from point to point, I presently called to him:

"Come down," said I, "and stamp your feet. 'Twill warm you without as the liquor within;" and he did as I suggested without demur.

"Run round to the back," says I, "and get yourself a noggin, and if so be you see a gentleman on horseback asleep, why, 'tis only a friend of mine that is weary of his long journey. I will call you if there be occasion."

He hesitated a moment, but I set a crown on his palm and his scruples vanished. He limped into the darkness.

'Twas no more than two minutes later that I heard voices in the doorway, and next came Timothy Grubbe into the light, in talk with some one. At which it took me about 30 seconds to whip me into the seat and pull the coachman's cloak about me, so that I sat stark and black in the starlight. Grubbe left the man he talked with and came forward.

"You shall drink when we reach Cobham, Crossway," says he, looking up at me, "and mind your ways, d—n ye."

And at that he made no more ado, but humming an air he lurched into the carriage. I pulled out the nags, and turned their heads so that they were set for the north. And then I whistled low and short—a whistle I knew that the mare would heed and I trusted she would bring her companion with her. Then the wheels rolled, out upon the road and Timothy Grubbe and I were bound for London all alone.

As I turned up the London road that swept steeply up the downs I looked back, and behind the moon shone faintly on Calypso, and behind her came on the dead man wagging awkwardly in his stirrups.

I pushed the horses up the steeps of the London road as fast as might be, but the ruts were still deep in mud, and the carriage jolted and rocked and swayed as we went. The wind came now with a little moaning sound from the bottom of the valley, and the naked branches creaked above my head, for that way was sunken and tangled with the thickets of nut and yew. And presently I was forced to go at a foot pace, so abrupt was the height, the moon struck through the trees, and peered on us, and Grubbe put his head forth of the window.

"Why go you no faster, d—n ye?" says he, being much in liquor.

"'Tis the hill, your honor," said I.

He glanced up and down.

"What is't comes up behind?" says he shouting. "There is a noise of horses that pounds upon the road."

"'Tis the wind," says I, "that comes off the valley, and makes play among the branches."

He sank back in his seat, and we went forward slowly. But he was presently out again, screaming on the night:

"There is a horseman behind," says he. "What does he there?"

"'Tis a traveler, your honor," says I, "that goes no doubt by our road, and is bound for London."

"He shall be bound for h—l," says he, and falls back again.

The horses wound up foot by foot and emerged now upon a space of better light. I looked round, and there was Grubbe, with his head through the window and his eyes cast backward.

"What fool is this," says he, "that rides so awkwardly and drives a spare horse? If he ride no better I will ask him to keep me company, if he be a gentleman. Many gentlemen have rode along of me, and have rode to the gallows tree, and he chuckled harshly.

"Maybe he will ride with you to the Gallows Gate, sir," says I.

"Why, Crossway," says he, laughing aloud, "you have turned a wit," says he; and once more withdrew his head.

By now we were right to the top of the down, and I could see the faint shadow of the Triple Beam. With that I knew my journey was done, and that my work must be accomplished. I pulled to the horses on the rise, and got down from my seat. "Why d'ye stop, rascal?" called Grubbe in a fury, but I was by the door now and had it open.

"Timothy Grubbe," said I, "ye're a d—n rogue that the devil your master wants and he shall have ye."

He stared at me in a maze, his nostrils working, and then says he in a low voice:

"So, 'tis you?"

"Your time has come, Timothy," said I, flinging off my cloak, and I took my sword. "Out with you, worm!"

He said never a word, but stepped forth and looked about him. He was sobered now, as I could see from his face, which had a strange look on it.

"Ye're two rascals to one, Dick," says he slowly, looking on the dead man and his horse which had come to a stop in the shadows.

"No," says I, "This gentleman will see fair play for us."

Grubbe took a step backward. "Sir," says he, addressing the dead man, but at that moment Calypso and her companion started and came into the open and the moon shone on the face of the dead. Grubbe uttered a cry, and turned on me. His teeth showed in a grin.

"No ghost shall haunt me, Dick," says he, "rather shall another ghost keep him company.

I pointed upwards where the tobyman hung in chains, keeping his sheep by moonlight. "There's your destiny," said I. "There's your doom." Now defend ye, d—n ye, for I'll not prick another at a disadvantage."

He drew his blade, for no man could say that Timothy Grubbe, timeserver, pander, traitor, as he was, lacked courage. Suddenly he sliced at me, but I put out and turned off the blow.

"If you will have it so soon," said I, "in God's name have it," and I ran upon him.

My third stroke went under his guard and took him in the midriff. He gave vent to an oath, cursed me in a torrent, and struck at me weakly as he went down. He was dead as mutton almost ere he reached the ground.

I have never been the man of the church, nor do I lay any claim to own more religion than such as to make shift by when it comes to the end. No, nor do I deny that I have sundry offenses on my conscience, some of which I have narrated in my memoirs. But when it comes to a reckoning, I will make bold to claim credit in that I rid the world he, had encumbered of Timothy Grubbe the foulest ruffian that ever I did encounter in the length of my days on the roads.

I climbed the beam and lowered the poor tobyman, and it took me but a little time to make the exchange. The one I left where he had paid quittance in the peace of this earth, and t'other a-swinging under the light of the moon on Gallows Gate.

I have said my journey was done, but that was not so. There was more for me to do which was to deliver poor Masters at his lady love's and break the unhappy news. And so, leaving the carriage where it stood,

It is an Omen—My Wedding Night.

with the patient horses, that were cropping the grass, I mounted the mare and began to go down the long span of the downs to the north. 'Twas late near midnight when I reached Effingham and found my way to the Manor. I rapped on the door, leaving Calypso and t'other in the shadows of the house, and presently one answered my knock. "What is it?" says she.

"'Tis a stranger," says I, "that has news of great import for Miss Anne Varley whom I beg you will call."

"She cannot hear you," said she, 'tis her wedding night."

"What!" said I, in amazement, and instantly there flowed in upon me the meaning of this. D—n all women save one or two, thinks I. And I turned to the maid again with my mind made up.

"Look you, miss," said I, "this is urgent. I have an instant message that presses. And if so be your mistress will bear with me a moment and hold discourse, I'll warrant she shall not regret it, nor you," says I, with a crown piece in my palm.

At that she seemed to consent, and with my coin in her hand she disappeared into the darkness of the house. It must have been some ten minutes later that a light flashed in the hall and a voice called to me. "Who is it?" it asked, "and what do you want at this hour?"

She was of a pretty face enough, rather pale of color, and with eyes that moved restlessly, and measured all things. I have known women all my life in all stations, and I would have pinned no certainty on those treacherous eyes. She was young, too, but had an air of satisfaction in herself, and was in no wise embarrassed by this interview. I had no mercy on her with her oaths of constancy writ in water that feigned to be tears, and her false pretenses.

"Madam," said I civilly, "I hear you wed to-day a gentleman of standing."

"What is that to you, sir?" she asked quickly.

"'Tis nothing for sure," said I, "but to a friend of mine that I valued deeply, 'tis much."

"You speak of Mr. Masters?" said she sharply, and with discomposure. "Sure, if he be a gentleman, he will not trouble me when he knows."

"Anne!" cried a voice from the top of the stairs. "Anne!"

'Twas her bridegroom calling. Well, she should go to him in what mood she might when I had done with her.

"He will never know," says I, "unless he have it from yourself."

"Anne!" says the voice above the stairs.

"He shall not—I will not," she cried angrily. "I will not be persecuted; 'twas all a mistake."

I whistled and Calypso emerged from the night, and behind Calypso was the horse with its burden. An anxious look dawned in her face. "I am insulted," says she, and paused quickly. "Edward!" she called, and put her hand to her bosom.

"Anne, my dove!" cried the voice, "where are you? Come, child, 'tis late."

The horses came to a stop before the door, with the body in the saddle, bound to the crupper.

"What is it?" she cried in alarm, and suddenly she shrieked out, clutching at the door post. "It is an omen—my wedding night."

"Aye," says I, "which be your bridegroom, he that calls out or he that is silent? Call on him and he hears not."

Peal after peal went up from her, and the house was awake with alarm. I turned away, leaving her on the doorstep, and mounted the mare. As I cantered off into the night, I cast a glance behind me, and a group gathered at the door, and in that group lay Mrs. Anne, fallen in a swoon with the sleeping figure on the horse before her.

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The Goddess of the Miracle.

By FRANK H. MELOON.

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BEATRICE WESTWOOD I had first seen on the Lakeside links one early spring morning as I alighted from a muddy motor car, with the wind blowing sharp and cool from the northwest. The snow was gone, and a few devoted golfers were out. With cheeks aglow Miss Westwood was swinging a brassie that glinted in the sunlight, and even I, whose dull masculine eye takes little note of feminine attire, took in with startled admiration the dainty jacket that ended suddenly a few inches above the hips and the great four inch red and gold check of the longish golfing skirt she wore. It was far from my thoughts then that two months later would see her the wife of my closest friend.

So when Miss Beatrice Westwood became Mrs. Philip Sturgis we of the Lakeside club, friends of the afore-

"IT WILL SERVE HER RIGHT FOR BEING SO JEALOUS."

mentioned Phillip, looked upon the ceremony as the end of one of the tenderest most heartrending romances it had ever been in our way to witness. The two had been so absolutely devoted to each other through those brief engagement days that it was positively painful to see them separated. Together they were in the seventh heaven; apart they were plunged into depths corresponding with the seventeenth substratum of despair, a sort of gloomy sorrow and foreboding that they might never meet again.

During this period Philip Sturgis even laid aside that disagreeable habit of practical joking that had made him mildly disliked—or was it feared?—by more than one of the members of the Lakeside club. We all agreed that nothing but a miracle—and love of course is a miracle—could have brought him to this condition. That it might prove lasting was our fervent prayer, and we all looked upon Beatrice Westwood, that dainty little maiden with the red gold hair and the blue eyes which reminded one of the clear summer sky, as the goddess who had wrought the miraculous cure.

But, now that the words which made them one had been said at the altar, there were visible in Philip Sturgis symptoms of a return to his old malady. We had noticed it with inward apprehension that bordered on actual fear—not for ourselves, but for our friend and the wife of our friend. I, who was more his comrade than any, perhaps felt the shock most deeply.

At last it came, the very thing that I had looked forward to with such uneasiness and alarm. Philip Sturgis was planning what he was pleased to term a practical joke on his wife. Now that they were married Philip had lost much of his former jealousy and had come to regard his wife's idolization of him as an accepted thing. Beatrice, on the other hand, had developed a sudden tinge of jealousy in her supreme regard for her husband.

"Tomorrow," he explained to me as we strolled along the clubhouse veranda, from which were visible the sea to the eastward and the mile long green links to the westward, intersected by a ribbon of brown roadway, "I am going away for a day. You know, I told you about having a horse in training in the Salem stables. Well, my wife doesn't know it yet. I'm keeping it quiet to surprise her when the right time comes. Now, when I go away tomorrow afternoon I'll telegraph my wife that I have gone to see my Felice, a perfect dear. That last is one of my wife's pet phrases. Of course Beatrice will put the worst possible construction on it, and it will serve her right for being so jealous of every move I make."

"I can remember the time, Philip Sturgis," I told him coldly, "when you yourself were mighty jealous if Beatrice so much as looked at another man. It is hardly fair of you to attempt to punish her for one of your own offenses."

For a minute my friend looked shamefaced and uncomfortable. Then, manlike, he attempted to justify himself by a process of sophistry.

"But I have got over it," he explained, "and I want Beatrice to get over it too. It will be for her good in the long run. Besides, it makes me feel uncomfortable to know that she is always watching me in that way."

"There was a time not so long ago," I reminded him, "when it would have pleased you."

"Yes," he agreed, still looking somewhat squeamish; "you are right, of course, to a limited extent. I'll not deny that. Angela it would affect me that way now only that I'm so absolutely certain about her loving me."

"It is rather selfish of you, this point of view," I reminded him caustically.

"But don't you see," he objected, "what a good joke it will be?"

"Philip Sturgis," I demanded savagely, "haven't your confounded practical jokes, as you call them, made you enough enemies already? The fellows at the club have all been hoping your marriage would cure you of that silly habit. Practical joking has never gained you one friend. It has made you many enemies and has cooled the feelings of more than one friend toward you."

"But," he insisted, with the air of a man who is unconvinced, "this is harmless."

"It is not harmless," I rejoined, "It is the most cruel attempt at a joke I have ever known of your perpetrating, and it makes me very angry with you to think that you should propose making your wife, whom you ought to love above all others in the world, the victim of it."

Philip Sturgis and I went our ways with no words on our lips. I knew that his proposed action was nothing short of shameful, though he obstinately refused to admit, even to himself, as I could see, what he must have known in the bottom of his heart all the time.

When a man is in a dilemma he will, as a rule, make a confidant of his wife and get her advice. This was my course of action. I have not lived with Edith for going on to four years without learning that her qualities of perception, as regards affairs in which the workings of the human heart are involved, are inestimably superior to mine. I was convinced of that when I was led to propose. There is as much difference between her and me on those things as there is between the sun and the moon.

I told her the simple story of Philip Sturgis' despicable plot and found her quite as indignant as I had been. If this had not been the case I should have been greatly surprised. And, once enlisted in the cause, Edith remains forever its faithful adherent. I was not a little elated, then, when I saw that her quick and active feminine brain was at work to devise a plan of fitting punishment for the man who could, in the name of practical joking, so basely treat his young and loving wife.

As the direct result of my conference with Edith she and I walked across the street to the modest residence of the Sturgises the next day immediately after Phillip had boarded the in town trolley. Mrs. Sturgis answered our ring and pleasantly invited us to come in. We came, we talked, and we conquered.

After exposing the full gum of her husband's villainy we had a hard time of it to bring Beatrice to treat him as he deserved, and I do not think now that the punishment was at all commensurate with the magnitude of the offense.

Even before we had left the telegram came. It read:

Beatrice:
Have gone to Salem to see Felice, a perfect dear. Particulars later.
PHILIP.

Beatrice rose to the occasion. She looked at my wife, and there was indignation in her eyes.

"A perfect dear!" she sniffed, with the same poise of head that I had admired on the golf links. Her self assertiveness was again coming to the fore. "Yes, I will do as you suggest, Mrs. Blakely," she announced, with determination.

"Think," I urged her, "how much worse you would feel if you had not been warned in advance about this telegram and enlightened by us as to the meaning of its contents."

"I will cure him of practical joking now and forever," she answered vigorously, with much of my wife's manner about her.

We had all the next day to make our preparations, and very thoroughly we made them, the three of us chuckling meanwhile at the prospect of success our curative little plot promised. We had not expected Philip to return before 6 o'clock, but at 4:30 Beatrice, glancing from the window, uttered a little shriek of dismay to see his tall, tweed clad figure swing easily from the trolley at the corner.

A hasty run we had of it, screening Beatrice on the way to our house, where she was to stop and from which we could observe many of Philip Sturgis' subsequent movements and guess the rest. The curtains were drawn as he reached the front door, but he stopped to push the electric button, probably thinking that his wife was in the back of the house. We saw a surprised look come over his face when there was no response, and we watched him as he hastily extracted a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket and entered.

We gave him two minutes to find the note Beatrice had left on the dining room table, water sprinkled in two or three places to imitate tears, and written hastily on the back of his telegram. It read:

Philip:
How could you do it? But, monster, I have been suspecting you for some time past. I wish I could forgive you, but I cannot. This time you have ventured a step too far with your Felice. I am going where you will never find me.
BEATRICE.

Then we imagined him as he raved and did things generally to relieve his feelings. A momentary glance of his white, agonized face at the window as a curtain shot up to the very top of the roller justified our expectations that he was by this time deeply regretting his asinine stupidity. Then we saw him rush upstairs.

What he would find there we well knew, for we had his wife's room fittingly prepared for him. Beatrice had worked to no little effect, and its appearance was indeed startling. Professional burglars could not have produced in so short a time as she a scene of such consumma[illegible] chaos and confusion, though the [illegible]chiefer had been the object of their efforts. The unique, square pillared brass bed though littered with tresses of lace and muslin, skirts, underskirts and shirt waists in every color of the rainbow, showed no signs of having been slept in. The dainty pillows were piled with heaps of hosiery, and in the center of all lay that identical red and gold check golfing skirt which I had been startled into admiring months before.

The dressing table was bared of its usual mysterious collection of toilet articles. The dress suit case, which was always kept when not in use in the room's solitary closet, was conspicuously absent, and a telltale strap was lying on the floor. Surely Philip Sturgis could find no grounds for disbelieving his wife's deceptive note. Who, indeed, would doubt the evidence of one's own eyes?

At the point when the thoroughly frightened man must have been sitting at the table with his face hidden in his hands, realizing that he who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind, Edith and I heard a half checked sob behind us. We both turned in time to see Beatrice Sturgis wiping away a tear that was trickling down her pretty cheek.

"I—I j-just can't help it," she gasped. "Poor Philip! I'm afraid h-he'll do s-something desperate if I d-don't stop him!"

"You needn't worry," I explained grimly. "I have his razor in my pocket, and I troubled to take all the cartridges out of his revolver before I left!"

"Well, I'm going to meet him when he comes out of the door," she announced. "Truly"—and she smiled through her tears—"I am afraid Philip might do something desperate if I let him go away after reading that note."

I would not have relented myself, but I thought that Edith looked on Beatrice's suggestion with favor. I am far from what you would call henpecked, but I seldom venture to oppose Edith, so I let her have her way

"PERHAPS THIS WILL BE AN INDUCEMENT"

in this case. Twilight was far advanced when Philip Sturgis walked slowly from the house, the life all gone out of his step and looking quite down in the mouth and fully ten years older than when he had entered.

"Come over here a minute, Phil," I called.

"I can't stop now, old man," he answered in so doleful a tone that I could have laughed.

"Perhaps this will be an inducement," I remarked, exultantly seizing Beatrice by the shoulders and holding her at arm's length in front of me.

Philip Sturgis gave one glad cry and in another moment had folded his wife to his bosom.

That evening we had a heart to heart talk, the four of us.

"I'm done with practical joking forever," Philip Sturgis declared. "And I thank you two from the bottom of my heart for your intervention in my wife's favor. I can now realize what it was you saved her from. It was ten thousand times worse than I imagined it would be, I assure you."

"And Felice?" whispered his wife slyly.

"She can travel in 2:05 and more than comes up to my highest expectations," he responded. "She's a 'perfect dear,' all right, but I think, if you don't mind, I'd rather sell than keep her."

So Sturgis is cured of practical joking, and at the Lakeside club—for the events I have related are of recent happening—we still refer to Mrs. Sturgis, when Philip is not present, as "the goddess of the miracle."

Bees Can Hear.

Bees can hear. In sparsely settled countries, where farmers have very few hives of bees and are not in it for the money, they have very primitive methods of catching bees when they swarm, or, in other words, when the young bees start to find a home of their own. Sometimes these bees get away and go for miles and are not caught. But neighbors are on the watch during this season and most are caught.

How? By throwing leaves, small sticks, etc., to arrest their flight, because they will immediately fly around anything in their way and these bring them to the ground. Now, sometimes these swarms are so high in the air that they cannot be reached by throwing, so farmers get old pans, kettles, etc., and make as large a racket as possible, and the bees are attracted by the sounds and immediately light near them. Now, what better proof is needed that bees can hear?—Letter in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is best to profit by the madness of others.—Flitz.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Director of the Inauguration.

Plans for the ceremonies attendant on the induction of President Elect Taft into office include the biggest military display ever seen at a presidential inauguration. The army and navy, working with Chairman Stellwagen, have arranged for a parade and review of several thousand soldiers, fresh from the evacuation of Cuba, and almost an equal number of bluejackets from their triumphant trip around the world.

The army will be headed by Major General Barry, commanding the Cuban army of pacification, and his entire staff. The navy section of the parade

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASH.

EDWARD J. STELLWAGEN.

will be headed by Rear Admiral Sperry and all the admirals and captains of his fleet. Major General J. Franklin Bell as grand marshal will be in supreme command at the head of the column.

Edward J. Stellwagen, chairman of the inaugural committee, is a native of the District of Columbia and experienced in handling big affairs of the kind. Four years ago he was treasurer of the inaugural committee, a position requiring tact as well as ability. Mr. Stellwagen is prominent in the financial and business life of the capital, being president of the Union Trust company and director of several other large financial institutions.

The Sultan of Morocco.

Mulai Hafid, the new sultan of Morocco, is a busy man. He rises with the sun and, save for a short siesta, seems never to have any leisure time at all. He makes a point of attending personally to all state business, holds reviews of his troops frequently, receives deputations from all parts of the country, listens almost daily to translations of long extracts from the European newspapers, and metes out rewards and punishments. He receives many presents. A Fez correspondent tells how the other day gifts in the shape of sacks of gold, bales of silk, spices and jewelry poured in through the palace gates, and the sultan received the value of something like $125,000 in the course of this one morning's reception. Among the offerings was a splendid ruby ring which seemed to take the royal fancy, for he forthwith put it on his finger and wore it during the remainder of the day.

Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Herbert Livingstone Satterlee, the new assistant secretary of the navy, is a son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Satterlee knows the navy department fairly well. He has been a member of the board of visitors to Annapolis and is now president of the Naval Reserve association. During the war with Spain he was a volunteer lieutenant assigned to the naval intelligence bureau in New York and on the staff of the late Captain John R. Bartlett, chief of the bureau. He served from July to November on that commission.

The new assistant secretary was graduated from Columbia in 1883 and

HERBERT L. SATTERLEE.

distinguished himself in the School of Political Science, where he received a degree. He was admitted to the bar in 1885 and entered the law office of Evarts, Choate & Beaman. In the following year he became secretary to Senator Evarts. He was active in the organization of the naval militia, and when he became a colonel on the staff of Governor Morton he was appointed the navigating officer of the First naval battalion.

Poor Substitute for Tobacco.

The Indians along the Alaska coast have a very curious substitute for tobacco, which is composed of wood shavings saturated with a strong solution of pepper. The practice, however, is extremely injurious, the strong fumes acting on the mouth and eyesight.

THE HONEYMOON PARADE.

Wedding Custom in One Town When the Train Is Late.

A small city, which need not be located more particularly than that it is somewhere east of Boston, has its own peculiar way of speeding the newly married on their honeymoon.

For one thing, every one goes to the station to see the couple depart. This is done in many small places. The showering of rice or confetti and the throwing of the old shoe take place, not at the home of the bride, but at the station. To that extent the city referred to is not unusual.

But in this city train schedules frequently go awry, and when they do the unusual happens. The wedding, of course, has been celebrated on time, and the reception has taken as much time as such things usually take. The departure from the bride's home is made in due season to catch the train if it is on time.

The wedding guests rush to the station, where all other inhabitants having nothing better to do have assembled already. It is a free show which no one would miss.

The carriage bearing the newly married pair is drawn by white horses and decorated with white ribbons. Custom demands this, and no one has yet had the temerity to do otherwise.

The carriage arrives at the station, and it is learned that the train is so many minutes or so many hours late. Usually the measure is in hours.

The carriage doesn't wait. It goes parading. It drives around and around a prescribed route, from every point of which the driver can get due notice of the approach of the train.

The crowd remains patiently at the station. Other curious persons station themselves at points along the route just to see the wedding coach pass.

Sometimes two or three carriages, drawn by white horses and decorated in white, swing steadily around this hymeneal circuit. It seems like an endless procession. It is not unusual for a wedding pair to spend the first five hours of their honeymoon just riding round and round waiting for the train.

When the screech of the locomotive finally is heard the driver continues to swing up to the platform just as the train comes to a stop. Then the bride and bridegroom make a mad rush for their car amid a shower of rice and confetti and old shoes. The honeymoon parade is over.—Exchange.

THE REAL BOWERY.

Swiftly Passing, It Has Never Been Wholly Revealed.

The real Bowery has never been written up, and probably it never will be, because it is swiftly passing. Hundreds of attempts have been made by those who have not even penetrated the surface of its reserve. Its heart and soul—for the Bowery has both, as well as reserve—are a sealed book to the writers. It is a Sargasso sea littered with derelicts of all worlds, drifting back and forth with the endless ebb and flow of the tide, while all about them is the ceaseless activity of commerce, of development, moving onward and upward despite the ceaseless cross current, which no literary mariner, cruising in these uncharted waters, can understand.

Those who know it best and have some skill in writing as well as some understanding are so overwhelmed by its endless complications, its infinity of contradictions, its astonishing goodness and its frightful depravity, the baffling mystery of its wonderful humanness and its fantastic mystery, that they do not dare attempt to write even what they know. Only one man in all literature could have interpreted the Bowery—and Balzac is dead.

Most of us know the Bowery through fugitive newspaper sketches and fearsome lurid melodramas. The sketches present certain phases more or less intelligently, but the melodramas are weird burlesques, unworthy even of being scoffed at, so far as any consideration of truth is concerned. But these cheap melodramas, endlessly repeated, have built up a fiction that has come to be accepted as the reality.—Everybody's Magazine.

Fooling the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail, so when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing all remained seated instead of rising, as he expected. He hesitated and paused till an old shepherd cried: "Say awa', sir! We're a' sittin' to cheat the dewgs!"

Breakfasting With Whistler.

The was a foreign painter who used to breakfast at Chelsea, and when Mr. Carr asked him if he had been there lately he replied: "Oh, no; not now so much. He ask me a leetle while ago to breakfast, and I go. My cab fare, two shilling, 'arf a crown. I arrive, very nice. Goldfish in bowl, very pretty. But breakfast—one egg, one toast—no more! Oh, no. My cab fare, two shilling, 'arf a crown. For me no more!"—London Telegraph.

More Trouble for Johnny.

"No," explained Mrs. Lapsling, "Johnny says he wasn't bitten by the dog, but I'm not going to take any chances. I shall have him expurgated just as soon as I can get him to the doctor's."

Evil in False Shame.

False shame is the devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride; for with false pride he only goads evil, but with false shame paralyzes good.—Ruskin.

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